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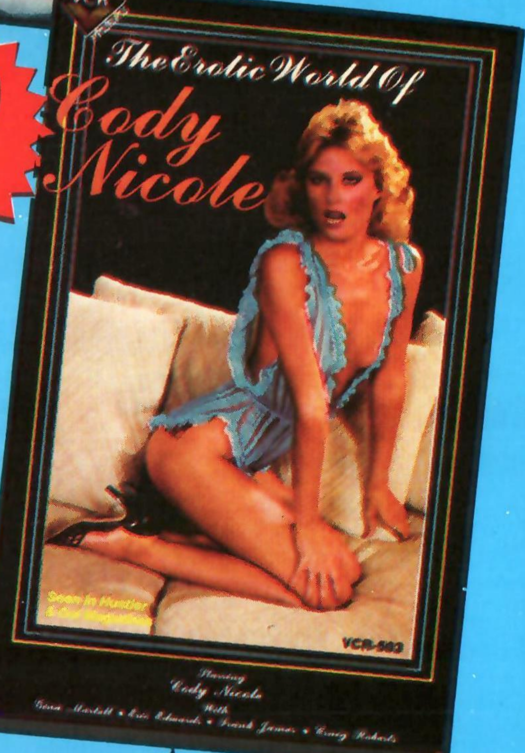
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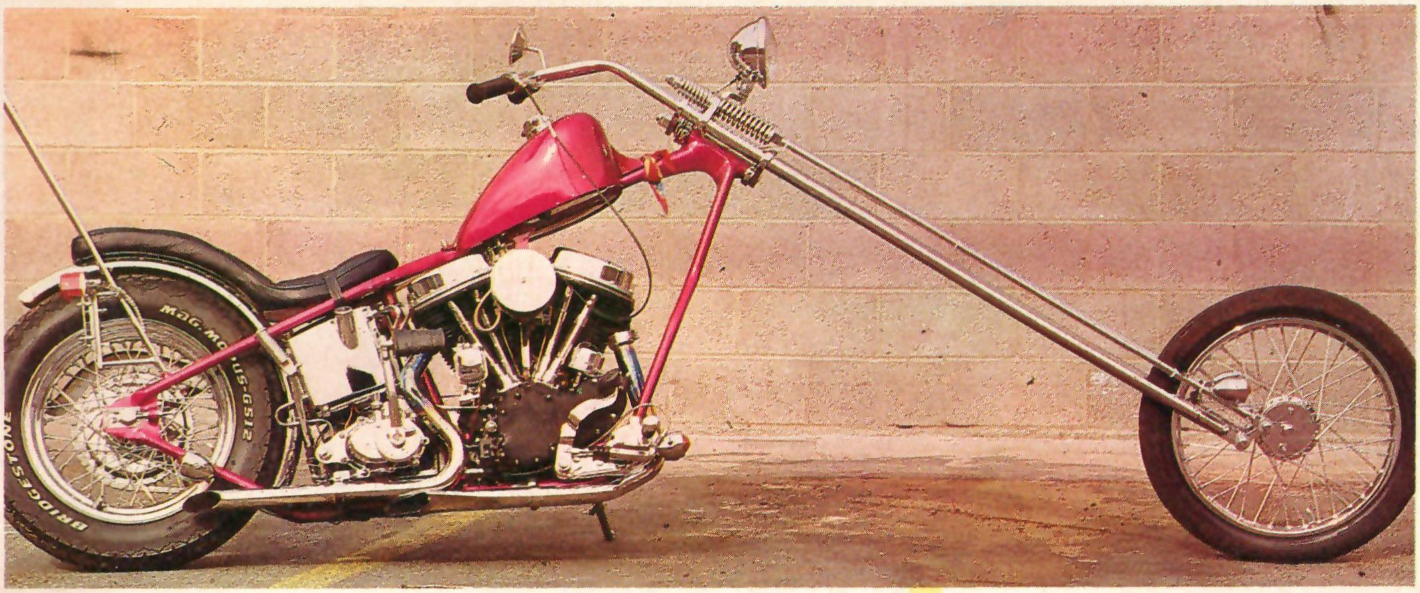

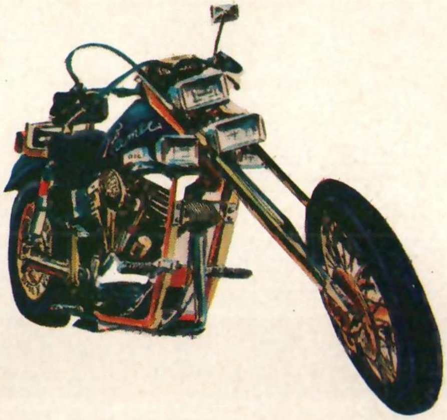

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Back Talk

Please send your letters, complaints, praises or just raw cash to: Iron Horse, 300 West 43d Street, New York, NY 10036

Hot Times at Sturgis

☐ Enclosed is a picture I took on the back of my husband Rob's 1972 Harley Super Glide as we were cruising through the Badlands during Bike Week at Sturgis. The people on the bike ('78 Low Rider) are Art Miller and Linda McGonagle of Greenville, PA.

It was 104 degrees in the shade that day, but I loved every minute of it. To me, it's what riding a bike is all about.—*Pat Krontz, Toledo, OH*

Our Kind of Bro

☐ You people really fuck with someone's mind when you pull the ol switcheroo. Who matched the stories with the pictures in the Feb. '86 issue? Nobody told me there was gonna be a quiz! Other than that and the fact you guys repeatedly run photos with the negatives reversed, I think you have a great mag. Keep up with the fuck-ups. It gives us all somethin to bitch about—*Wilson, Van Nuys, CA*

Fuck Up

☐ More than one bro spotted the fuck-up, but for those of you who may *still* be confused, here's the scoop on the scoots: On page 5 of the Feb. '86 issue, the story about Roger Welch's slabside Shovel was run with the shots of French's cone motor in its OHV duds, while French's story was run, as you might have guessed, with the shots of Roger's bike. This entails flippin from page 5 to page 96 in order to correctly follow the retrospective stories. Danger Brown, our ace art director rarely fucks up, but when he does we all like to take credit for it; which is what ya get when ya mix business with pleasure, or in this case, toot shots with scoot shots.

Comin and Goin

☐ Please find enclosed one color slide of a 1982 FXRS going one way, and a California Highway Patrol unit going the other. Anyone want odds on this shot? I own a 1979 FLH and enjoy your rag.—*Jeff Randolf, Morro Bay, CA*

Long-Legged Shovel

☐ Just wanted to drop you a line saying you got the #1 rag. Enclosed is a picture of me and my '76 Shovel—196,000 miles and still going strong. This is my 26th season of riding and we got some beautiful women, country and bikes up here. Come on up for a drink and party. It'd be an honor if you could put my pic in the rag.—*Hip Amdahl, Cocollala, ID*

Fallen Bro

☐ Hey bros, hope you can find a place in your magazine for some of my pictures. They mean a lot to us here in Erie.—*Robert Lachowski, Erie, PA*

The Birds and the Beemers

☐ First things first: Millicent Monroe is one gorgeous, petite young honey whom I could get into spreading and eating anytime, anywhere, and on anything, including an old Beemer. Damn, if she doesn't have beautiful eyes!

Which brings us to the second thing: The R75/5. What in merry blue hell have you guys been smoking? There is no way in the aforementioned that that bike was twenty years old. Fifteen, maybe. For your information, BMW R75/5's had a four year model run: 1970 to '73, at which time, the R75/6 (a five speed) took over in September of that year.

The reason I know all this shit is because it was the first "brand new" bike I ever bought, a 1973 "short frame." It's the exact same color as hers. I still have the original seat on mine and the original exhaust, but like Millie, I lost the damn side covers.

Do you think it would be possible to show this to her so she could write me? I'd like to discuss the birds and the Beemers with her. Thanks—*Fast Fred Jermyn, Box 820 CCP #4B, Carlisle, PA 17013*

Millie should be seein your letter right about now (if her subscription's still up) and we're sure she'll get real hot over your command of Beemer knowledge. Maybe she'll write.—Ed.

The Other Side of the USN

☐ There ain't nothin wrong with the fuckin U.S. Navy (Feb. '86). Read that slowly, it says United States Navy. Cussin the USN is like cussin your Harley, or worse yet, like cussin the United States herself, and we know you wouldn't want to be doin that, would ya bro?

Just cause some of our bros (?) don't like some of the shit ya print in yer rag, don't mean ya hafta start gettin nasty with the rest of us.

As far as the "Lost Riders" of the USS Nimitz go, I've got this to say: More professional work? Wadafuck is a pro? Are the Lost Riders professionals? From the sound of their letter it would seem that they're nothin but a bunch of wannabees.

If they want show bikes, tell em to find a different rag. I don't believe *Iron Horse* is strictly for show bikes, but for bikers! Sure, a hot lookin, clean bike is a plus, but chrome don't get ya home! Performance is what counts. Mine gets me to work, to the bars, and to my lady's house.

And as for the letter from Catfish, personally I spend too much time around sailors as it is to pass up a gal like Candy Montana. They say that a more than mouthfull is wasted, but let's just say that I've got a big mouth. Good rag, keep it up!—*"Emberato," USS Constellation, San Dog, CA*

A New Anthem?

☐ I write songs. I wrote one called "Call of the Wild." I'd like you print a copy of it in your magazine if you would. Me and a friend and his wife was goin to the lake to Jet Ski and we saw six Harley riders. My friend said, "Call of the wild, write a song called that." He said W.A.S.P. has a song called "Hellion" about bikers. Fifteen minutes later it was done:

Call of the Wild

Sleazy women
Sleazy town
Whiskey bent
We're hell bound
We party hardy
to the pedal
Harley-Davidsons
Heavy metal.

Chorus:

It's just the Call of the Wild,
So don't you knock our race,
Cause we were born to be wild,
We'll smash your fuckin face.

Big balls,
Hard cock,
Keep your daughters under lock.
We'll spread their legs,
then make em beg,
Get em hot,
Abuse their twat.

Chorus:

Good times,
Gettin better,
Wild action,
A real go getter.
Drinkin beer,
Gettin crazy,
Killer weed,
Gettin lazy.

Chorus:

If you don't like our race,
We're gonna put you in your place.
It's just the Call of the Wild,
It's just the Call of the Wild.

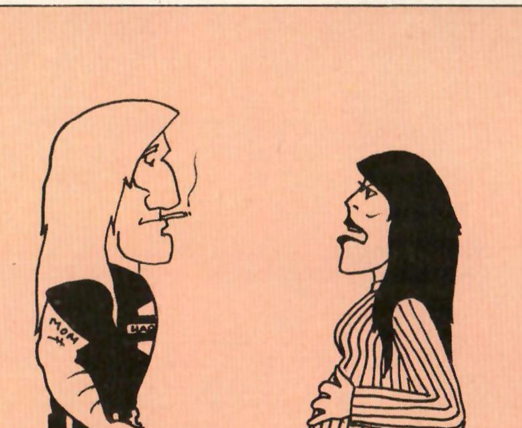
I'd like this to be the Hell's Angels national anthem. Please let em know. If you decide to print this, please put my address so they might get a hold of me. Thanks.—*Kenneth Lee Moore, PO Box. 14, Lenora, KS 67645-0014*

They might get a hold of ya all right, but not in the way you're anticipatin.—Ed.

Our Kind of Sis

☐ Well here I am. At the request of others and being a little under the influence, I would like to submit my photos to you people. We read your mag when one of us flips one out, which is monthly. It was being tossed around one day, and the next thing you know I am trying to type this damn letter to you. I realize that my photos aren't nude, but have you ever been to North Dakota? I went to a bar just to keep warm when I bared my ass. The tan did come from here, yet the photos were shot during sub-zero weather, that's why I'm not on a Harley!! I'll admit I have no balls, or at least not this time of the year.

Anyway, I am a professional dancer (or at least try) and a scooter tramp for pleasure. I dance in North Dakota and Minnesota and I've met up with a lot of wild and crazy bikers during my travels! North Dakota: Hog Fuckers, Ramblers, Crusaders, Associates, and ABATE. Minnesota: B.P.M.s. With this I'd like to thank them and all bikers who make my road trips a PLEASURE! By the way my body is 34-26-36, small, but firm.—*Dakota Rose, Grand Forks, ND*



"Whadda ya mean ya didn't know it wuz loaded!"

THE WASTIN' OF BIG ED

People said Big Ed was brain-damaged—which was why he was so crazy and not afraid of the devil himself.

By Lucky Eagle

God-A-Mighty-Damn! but that water's cold! Turtle swore, standin' there shiverin' in th' cold, tryin' ta warm his wet, fat, naked body over th' half dead fire in th' half light o' early mornin'.

"Goddammit!" Old Bill swore back. "They's wimmen present! Watch yer fuckin' language, an' fer God's sake git some clothes on, er I'll cut yore dong an' balls off so's ya caint shake 'em 'roun fronta everbody!"

An' I guess that was true. They was a dozen er so wimmen present, though I wouldn't go so far as to describe them as being "with us" or even "here" in th' strictest sense. There was Old Bill's old lady, passed out, naked as a jay bird, spreadeagled behind a log not twenty feet from the fire, where she'd passed out after taking on all comers while Old Bill was passed out, an' it was dark. Now it was light again, an' Old Bill was quasi-conscious, though probably more than half blind.

Off a bit farther lay his sixteen-year-old daughter, also naked, but covered by a blanket, from where she'd gone skinny dippin' then give us all a thrill by dryin' herself over th' fire an' drinkin Jack Daniels til she passed out, an' I carried her over there an' covered her up, an' set watch over her th' rest o' th' night.

Right here beside th' fire, lookin' like she was tryin ta crawl right up inta th' live coals, was his fourteen-year-old girl, dressed in a pair of shorts an' a tube top that'd slipped durin' th' night til her conical little titties was a peakin out ta greet th' dawn an' nobody even botherin' ta cover her, even from th' cold misty, mornin' air. If I'da had 'nuther cover, I'da brung her over to her sister, an' covered her too.

An' scattered all roun was 'nuther eight or ten females of all ages, wives, daughters or girl friends, all in varying stages from naked to fully dressed. It had been one hell of a Friday night, an' we all knew it was just th' beginin' of a weekend that wouldn' end til late Sunday night or Monday mornin'.

"Goddamn, man!" said Turtle. "We all done been skinny dippin' wit yer ol lady, an' yer girls, as well as 'bout ever other woman hyar. They ain't gonna see nuthin' this mornin' they didn't see las' night. Hell, I prob'ly coulda fucked any one o' 'em I'da wanted to."

"I'll kill any motherfucker that messes with my girls!" Old Bill screamed back.

He would too, or at least try. He'd tried once, just fer th' feller sayin' he'd like to fuck Old bill's oldest girl, who was thirteen at th' time. She was twenty-one now, married an' moved away, like Old Bill's son. Th' only thing that kept Old Bill from killin' that loud-mouth drunk was that Little Marty Birdsong got between 'em. Little Marty died, an' Old Bill an' th' other feller took a trip fer manslaughter. Old Bill hadn't been out but less 'n a year, an' lucky fer 'im Big Marty had died first, else he 'da kilt Old Bill, even if he 'da had ta do it with his bare hands.

Now it looked like Old Bill was tryin' ta get Turtle ta do what Big Marty has missed out on, (er) lookin' fer 'nother trip, th' way him an' Turtle was aglarin' at one 'nother. Yep! It was gonna be a long weekend, 'specially with th' mood Old Bill was a gettin' in. Somebody 'da probably run 'im off, if it wasn't Old Bill's place we was at. So, when Old Bill opened his mouth ta say somethin' else, Old Marion just rapped 'im firmly up side th' head with th' Hickory limb he'd been gittin' ready ta heave inta th' fire. Knocked Old Bill colder'n a mackerel. Which I thought was right neighborly, since Old Marion was 'bout th' nearest thing to a friend Old Bill had here, an' they'd knowed each other fer a lot o' years, longer'n some o' us been breathin'. At least they'd be no trouble from Old Bill fer a little while.

I got ta lookin' at Shelley, Old Bill's sixteen year old girl, an' a thinkin' thoughts I shouldn't be thinkin', an' was gittin' a te-rific hard-on, which I didn't need. Not that I was 'fraid o' Old Bill, er th' law. Hell I had my old thirty-eight on me, an' I'da jest as soon a kilt Old Bill as to of looked at 'im, an' as fer th' law, well, they wouldn't be gittin' no cherry.

No! It was that it'd been rumored that Big Ed had eyes for Shelley, an' *I AM* afraid o' Big Ed. Who th' hell ain't? Anyway, ta git my mind off that lovely but lethal pussy, I got ta thinkin' 'bout this get together, an' what I was doin' here, an' what everybody else was doin' here.

Probably nobody here liked Old Bill very much, 'cept maybe Old Marion, an' us bikers didn't like th' rednecks or th' river-rats, an' they didn't like us or each other.

It all started when I was sittin' in Toby's yesterday, after a hard day of work in th' mine, hoggin' down suds with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

It Doesn't Come In A Box

ROUGH RIDIN RON'S RED SHOVEL

Photos By Rocky DiRico

Story By Fred

Ron Rella's 1973 Shovel originally appeared in our Year Book Special: Bros, Bikes 'N' Broads, along with Karl Bartling's '51 Pan. Since that rag hit the stands, we've received numerous questions concernin both the bikes and the ladies who posed on em, and I'm here to take care of the bike part of the situation while some other pud pullin staffer is attendin to the pussy side of the matter. Some fuckers get all the luck and that's one story that I know ain't ever gonna see print. Anyhow, this should give ya a little more info than the passin glance between pussy shots that ya got in the Year Book Special.

Ron originally got the bike back in 1975. Back then, it was nearly stock Pan but as ya can see, it's undergone quite a few changes since then. All that remains of the original Pan is the '47 frame which was modified to take the Shovelhead engine. The '74 motor was beefed up to 80 inches with the addition of a Harley big inch kit, and after goin through a Bendix, a Keihin, and a SU, Ron finally settled on a Del Orto carb. Ron says that with the double throat Del Orto, the Shovel consistently fires on the first kick.

Like the majority of the custom motorcycles that roll out of Richie Urchin's shop, this bike runs the old time chopper look of high bars, rigid frame, long front end, small tank and flat fender, with only one concession to the world of modern convenience—a battery/coil ignition as opposed to the traditional magneto. Other than that, Ron's Shovel is a hard ridin example of the kind of no compromise scoot that's become a rarity these days in the face of thousands of factory made customs. Ron rides a bike built to suit his style, not everyone else's, and you can bet that none of those stock bikers could handle this radical ride.

Ron rides his Shovel year round, often makin excursions into Manhattan. Now, for those of you who've never had the pleasure of bikin over the disaster area that New York calls its streets, let me assure ya that while it's merely life threatenin on a swingarm—for a rigid it should be torture followed by certain death. But Ron keeps on ridin over the craters and explodin manhole covers sufferin no apparent ill effects for the simple reason that there ain't nothin meaner than a hardtail Harley.

Ron has no changes planned for his red Shovel, hell, after eleven years together he's got it the way he wants it. That's somethin that no factory can ever sell. ☐

Tech Sheet

Owner: Ron Rella
City: New Rochelle, NY

General
Fabrication by: Urchin Cycles
Year and make: 1973 Harley
Model: FL
Value: ?
Assembly by: Urchin Cycles
Chroming by: Brown's Plating

Engine
Year: 1973
Model: FLH
Rebuilder: Richie
Ignition: Battery/coil
Displacement: 80"
Lower end: Stock
Balancing: Factory
Pistons: H-D 80" kit
Cases: Polished
Heads: Ported & Polished, Manley valves
Cam(s): Sifton 468 "S"
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): Del Orto
Air Cleaner: Stacks
Pipes: 2" Drag
Muffler: None

Frame
Year: 1947
Builder: H-D
Rake: 6 degrees
Stretch: None
Other Alterations: Modified to accept Shovel

Accessories
Bars: Medium Apes
Risers: 4"
Fenders: Flat
Headlight(s): Bates
Taillight: Square
Speedo: Jammer
Front pegs: O-ring
Rear pegs: O-ring
Electrics: 12v
Gas tank: King Sporster
Oil tank: Octagon
Oil system: Filter behind tranny
Primary cover: H-D
Seat: Corbin Gentry two piece
Sissybar height: 2 ft.
Sissybar material: ½ in. square

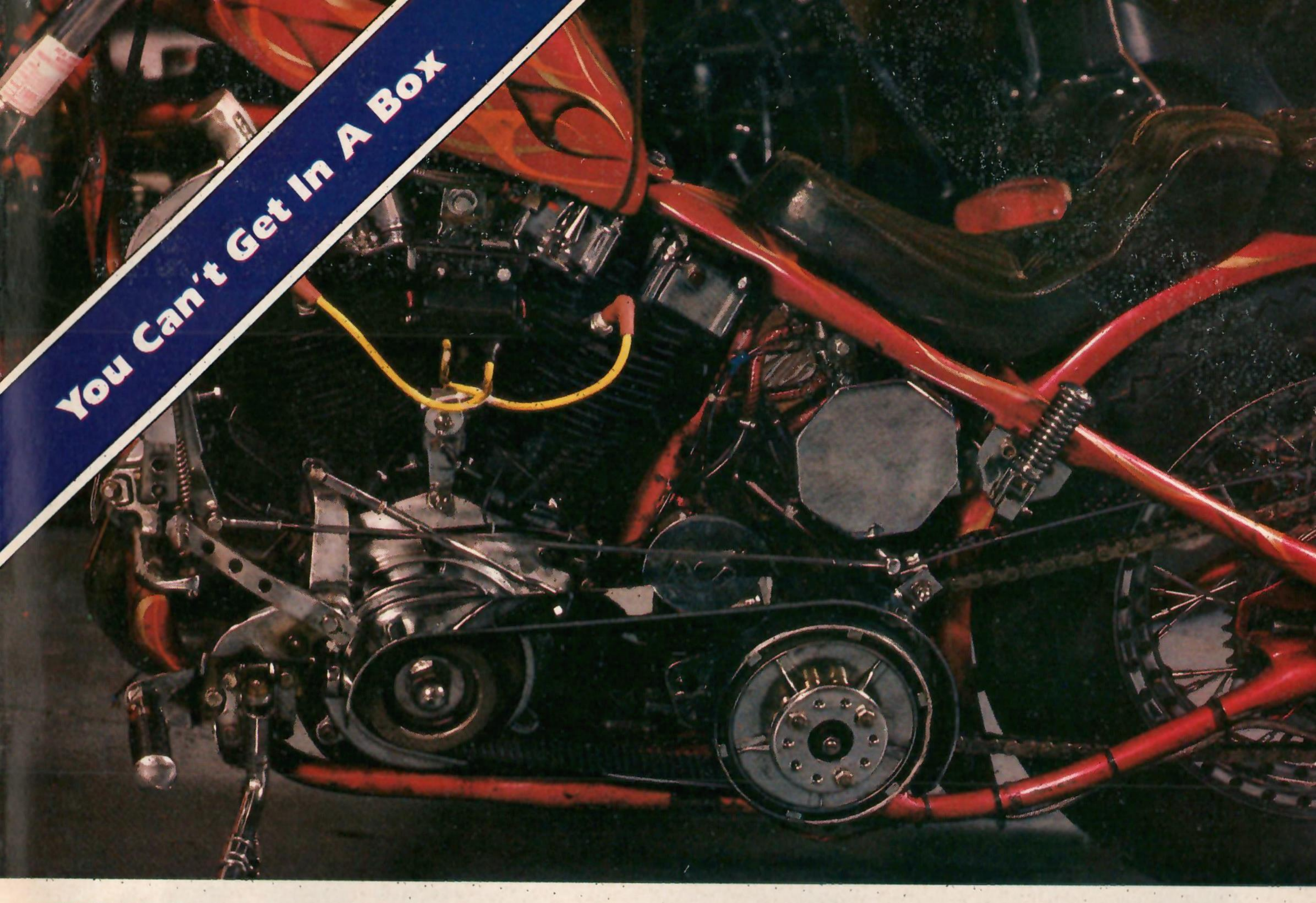
Transmission
Modifications: All Andrews gears
Year: new
Shifting: Foot

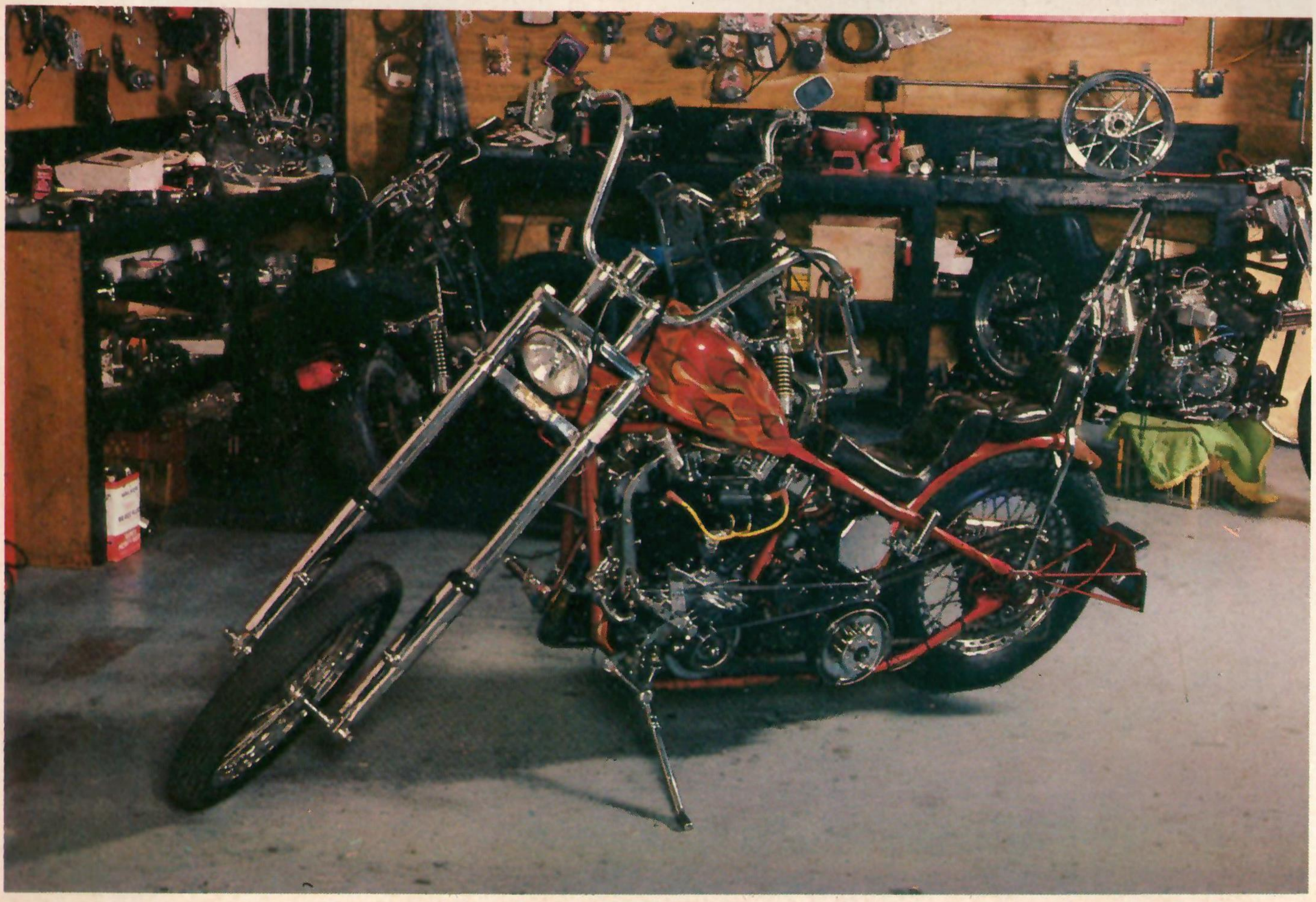
Painting
Molding: None
Painter: Urchin Cycles
Color: Candy Matador Red
Type: Lacquer
Special paint: Candy gold, blue, and red flames

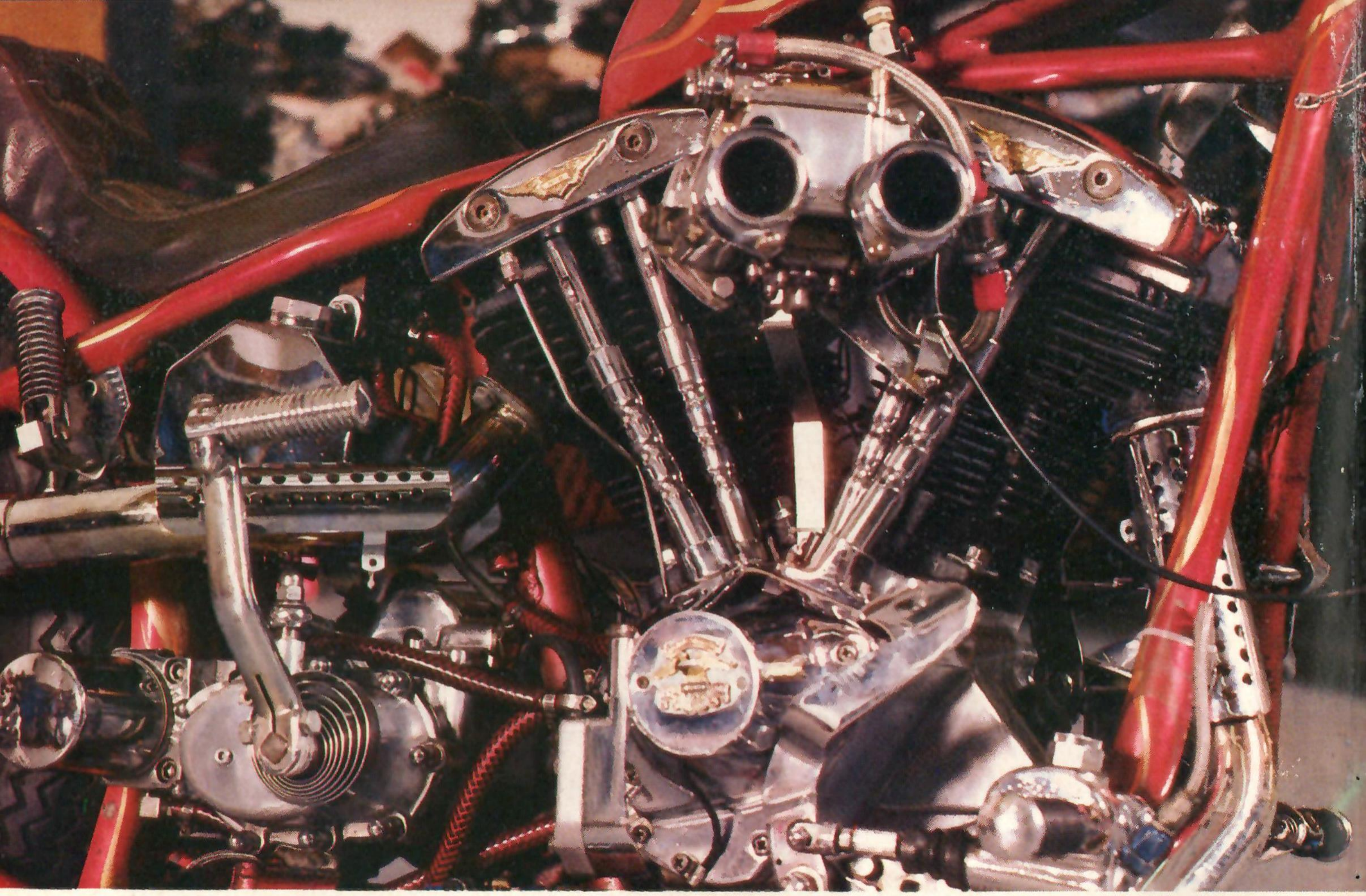
Forks
Type: Wide Glide
Extension: 8" over
Builder: H-D
Special features: Chrome

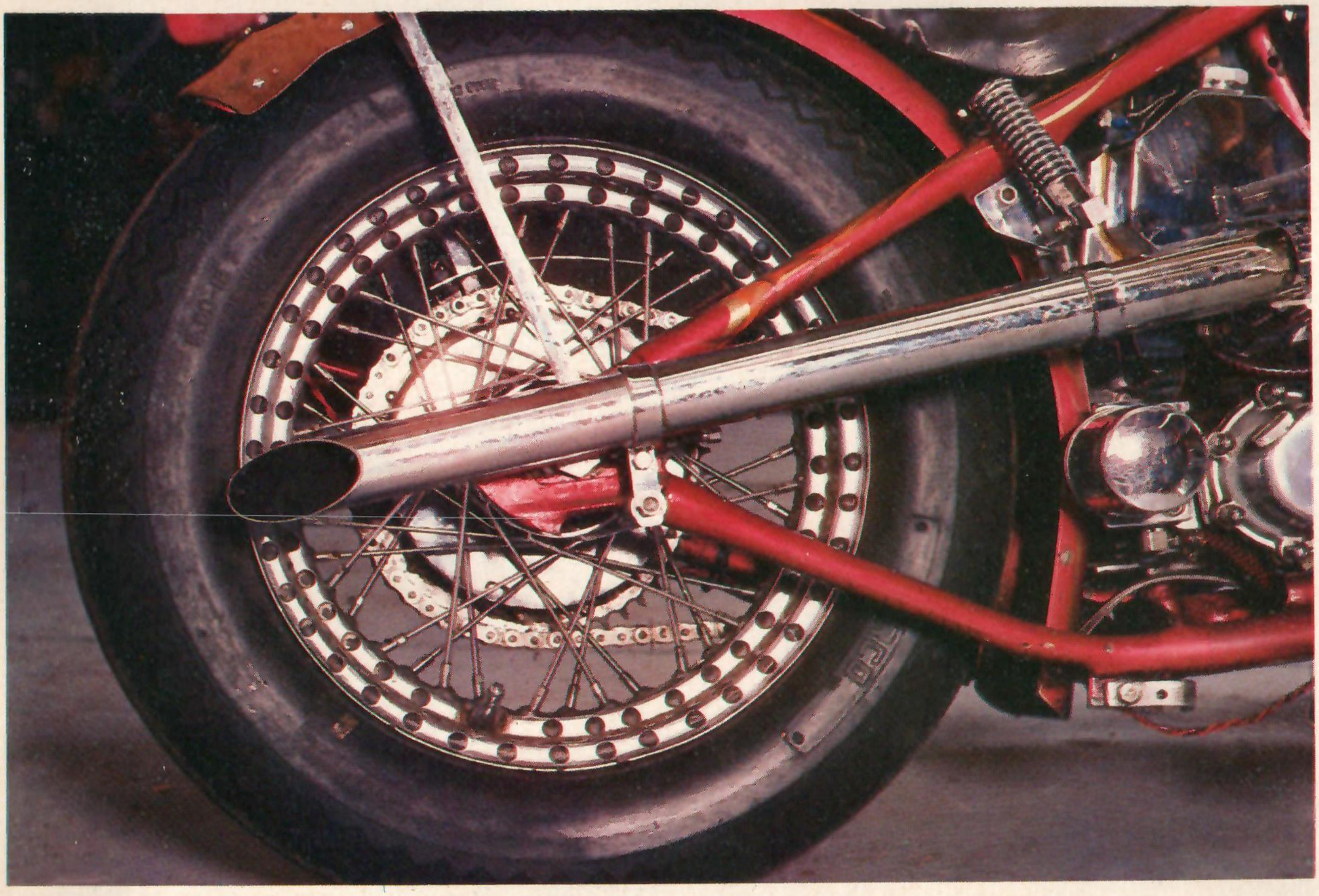
Wheels
Front wheel size: 18"
Rear wheel size: 16"
Front hub: Custom
Rear hub: H-D
Front tire: Avon
Rear tire: Arco
Front brake: None
Rear brake: Mechanical

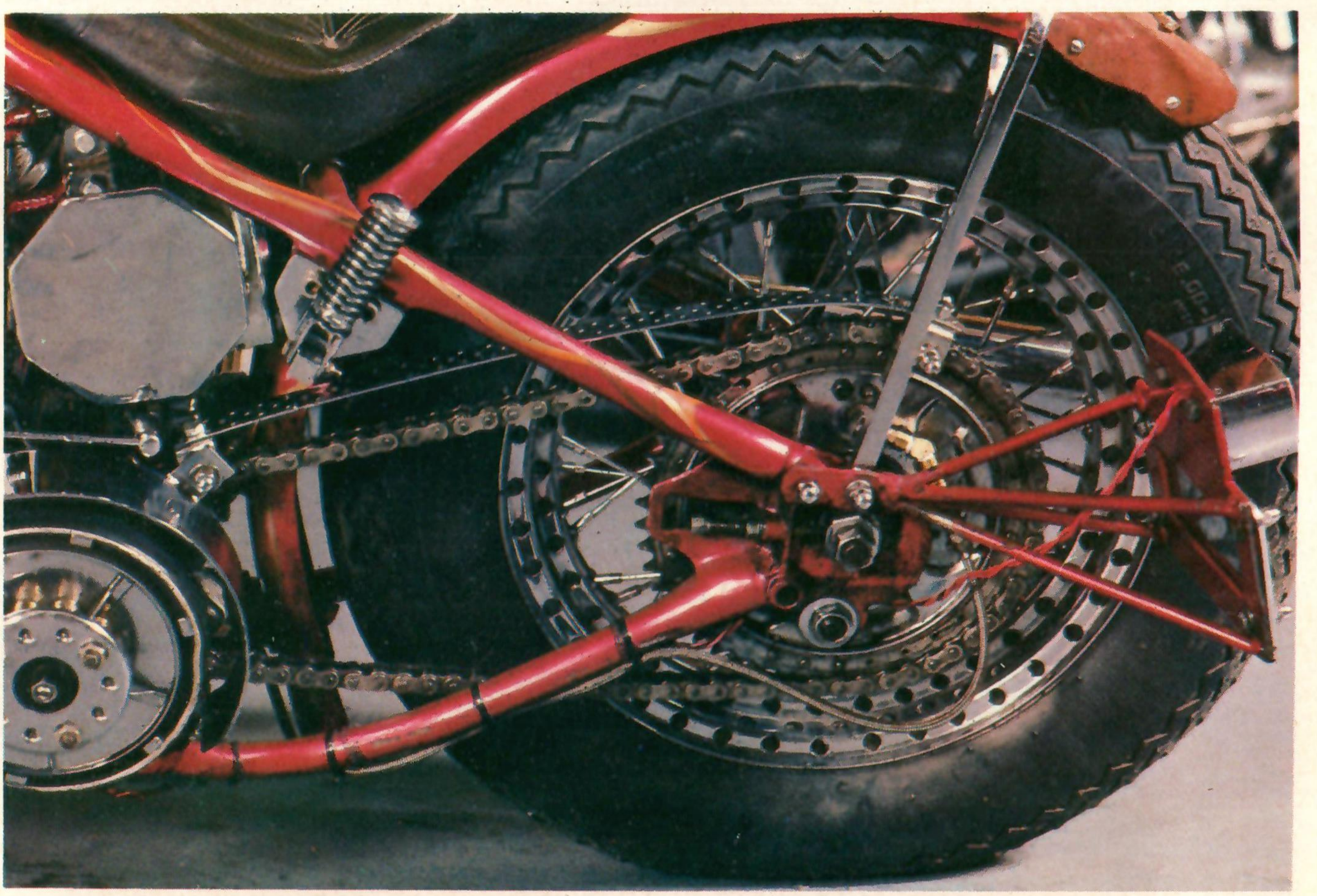
You Can't Get In A Box

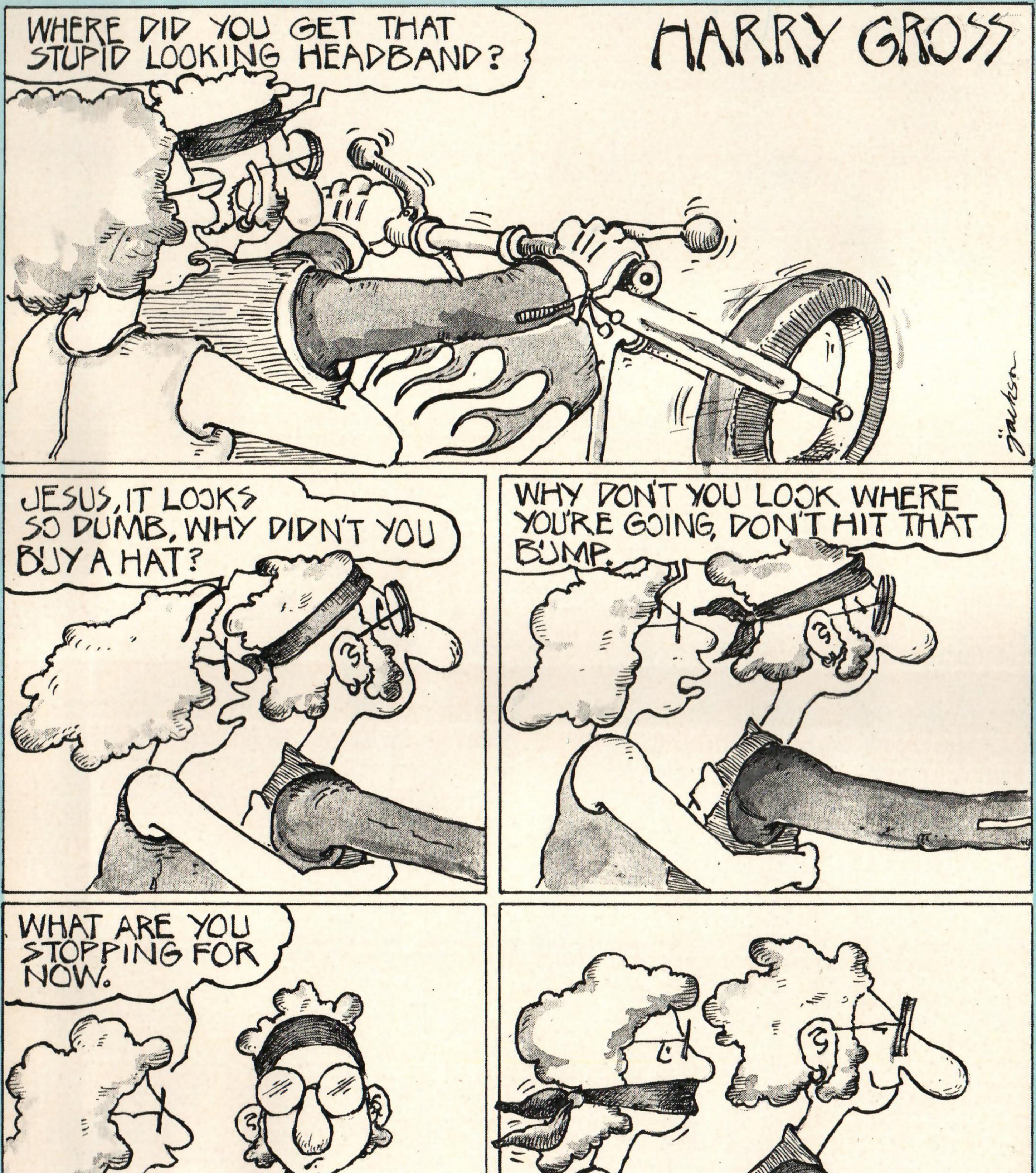


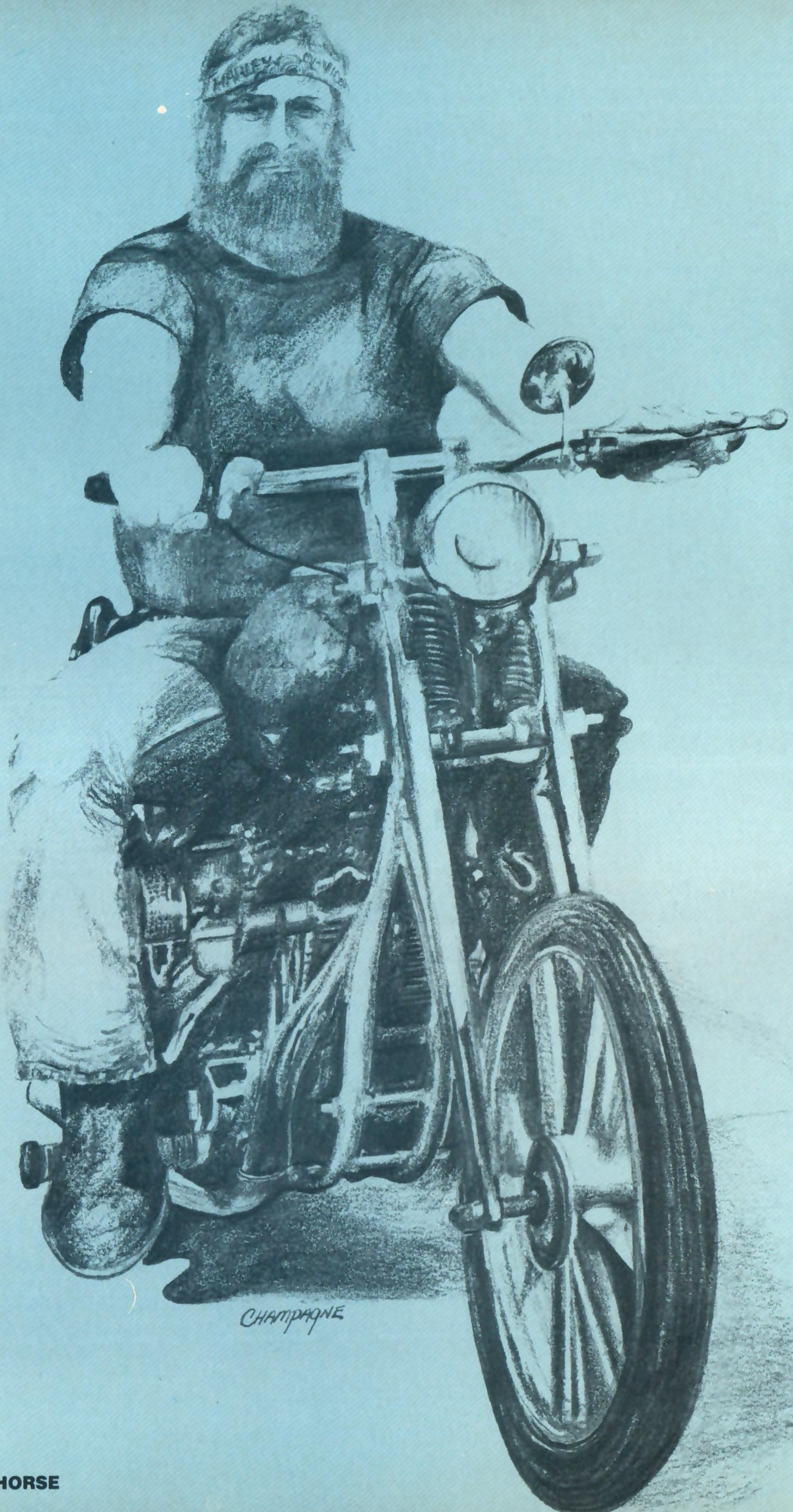









HARRY GROSS
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT STUPID LOOKING HEADBAND?
jackson
JESUS, IT LOOKS SO DUMB, WHY DIDN'T YOU BUY A HAT?
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, DON'T HIT THAT BUMP.
WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR NOW.



CHAMPAGNE

A FEW FEET MORE

That's the difference between life and death when you've crashed and burned.

By Tom Renn

Karen rolled to her right and knocked over a stack of beer cans. At first her vision was blurred and her mind searched its memory to recall her present location. As her vision cleared she realized she was at Todd's place. How did she get there? A good question that was best left until she had had a drink. The rough texture of the rug left its pattern on her back as she rolled back to her left to find Pete next to her. His breath warmed her bare shoulder. Karen sat up slowly her head pounding as she did.

She scanned the room for something to drink. Her eyes quickly latched on to a bottle of Jack Daniels sitting on the TV. She rose slowly and carefully made her way across the room. She stepped over a pair of bodies sprawled out on the floor near the coffee table. When she finally reached the bottle, she saw it wasn't as full as she thought. Only a shot and a half, well, it'll have to do, she thought as she emptied it. That solved one problem. The other was a little more difficult. Where were her clothes?

Karen scanned the room again hoping to catch sight of her clothes. There was a pair of jeans laying in the doorway to the next room. As Karen went to investigate, she heard Mouse stirring on the far side of the room. The patched and faded Levi's were hers. She also found her boots and Mouse's shirt sitting on the kitchen table. Karen picked up the jeans and turned to continue to search for her clothes. She met Mouse by at the door to the living room. Mouse's long, brown hair was draped over shoulders. It was long enough to cover her bare breasts. Karen loved hair that long, but didn't have the patience to care for it.

Mouse forced a smile as she passed Karen. It was Karen who broke the silence.

"Morning," she managed.

"Mmmmmmm," was Mouse's reply.

"Feeling that bad, eh?" Karen said.

"Ya prick," she said finding Pete was using her shirt and panties for a pillow.

Mouse stood in the doorway leaning against the jam. She wasn't awake yet. Karen yanked the rest of her clothes from under Pete's head. His head hit the floor with a thud, but he didn't stir. Karen shook her head. Mouse managed a smile, then disappeared down the hall.

Karen finished dressing and dropped heavily on the couch. There she drifted off to sleep again until Pete woke her sometime later. He sat down next to her; he had a plate with some bacon and eggs on it. He elbowed her roughly and sneered at her in fun, so she ate his bacon and stuck her tongue out at him. He made a grab for it, but the tongue was quicker than the hand. Soon the house was alive with people. Pete, Karen, Mouse, and Bobby found it too alive for them. They went outside to where the bikes were parked.

Pete sat on his jet-black hawg. He felt at home on the bike. Karen and Pete spent a lot of time in the wind. They had been riding together for five years. They first met when Karen hit him on his first bike. That was before he'd ever ridden a Harley.

"When we leaving for Harriet's?" Karen asked as she sat on the steps. She started combing her silky blonde hair.

"About seven sound all right? We'll stop at my uncle's, then finish the trip tomorrow," Pete said, leaning back on the cobra seat.

"We taking the helmets?" Karen, asked. She hated wearing a brain bucket. She liked the wind in her hair. Although there were some aspects she didn't like about riding without the helmets, she thought, as she flicked a bug off her forehead.

"We'll take em," he said, frowning at the thought of wearing a helmet, but his wallet couldn't handle the tickets. The new leather saddlebags and five-gallon fatbob had cost him some bucks.

"Hey, remember the run we made to New York?" said Bobby, as he lifted his leg over his sky-blue Triumph.

"Todd was showing off near Binghamton and hit a picket fence," Pete recalled, laughing. Mouse brought out four beers and the two couples swapped tales for hours. Once in a while somebody would come out from the house, add one of their stories, then disappear again.

At six o'clock in the evening, Karen reminded Pete that they had to stop at their house before they left. They bid everyone good-bye. Pete kicked the fatbob to life and weaved it out of the cluster of bikes that were parked on the front lawn. Karen hopped on behind him and he pulled out into the street. She waved to Mouse as they sped off down the road.

It was a short putt to their house and soon they were walking up the stairs to the side door. Karen slipped a T-shirt over her head and kicked off her boots as soon as she reached the living room. Then, after checking every drawer in her dresser, she put on a clean shirt and fresh jeans.

She stuffed a change of clothes for both of them into the saddlebags which hung over a chair in the bedroom. Pete came in and she threw him clean clothes to put on right away. He started to throw them back, but decided not to. He won most of their arguments, but this wouldn't be one of them.

After everything was packed, they loaded motorcycle. The sleeping bags were tied on top of the headlight, helmets on the sissy bar, saddlebags on the seat, and rainsuits in the sissy bar bag. They were well practiced at loading the bike, it took them little time to complete the task.

They mounted and were soon puttin down the highway. It didn't take long to reach the Pennsylvania border. At the first exit into Pennsylvania they stopped to put their helmets on. It was dark when they stopped next. Pete slowed long enough to read the sign that stood across the road in the high weeds. It told him gas was two miles to his left. Pete followed the directions. The town they came to wasn't all that big, but big enough to have a gas station that stayed open late. They quickly filled the tank and returned to the road after putting on their jackets.

They were only a mile from the interstate when there was some movement to their right, then a flash of lights. They both felt the sideways thrust of the collision. They also felt the brush rip and tear at their bodies.

Karen landed on the hard ground; she heard the cracking of her bones as the bike crashed down on her already battered body. She knew she had many broken bones. The pain hit all at once. It was a sharp, burning pain. It consumed her. Her senses went blank. There was nothing but the pain. Then nothing at all.

Pete lost all sense of direction except that he was in the air. He hit something hard, but it wasn't the ground. He heard the sickening crack of his bones. The pain felt like it was deep inside him. His mind was fading, but he tried to think what he should do. There was another crack and he felt like he was falling. This time he did hit the ground. He could taste dirt as he lay face down on the gully floor. He tried to move, but he stiffened as the pain increased to overwhelming heights. Then it was gone. He felt nothing. He called to Karen, but his voice didn't respond. A cold darkness was consuming his mind. His memories, his dreams, his hates, and his loves were taken far, far away. Soon all there was was the accident. Over and over again, it haunted him until some sound broke through.

"Let's get out of here!"

"We've got to help them!"

"They're dead. Now let's get out of here. We'll go to jail if we stay."

Two doors closed and a car engine started, then disappeared into the night.

Pete realized he was going to die. He called to Karen again, but he couldn't hear his voice. Then everything left him.

Karen didn't know how long she was unconscious. The pain was gone. She tried to open her eyes, but something covered them. She moved her hand. There was pain, but she had to find out what was in her eyes. Next she tried to move her arm. The pain worsened until she almost blacked out. She continued trying until she could reach her face. Each time she moved it the pain became more bearable. The face plate was gone from her helmet. She discovered that blood from a gash on her forehead had run down into her eyes preventing her from seeing. She wiped away the blood and saw the first light of day. After a long rest, Karen tried to move her left arm, but pain tore up her arm and through her shoulder. It turned her mind cold. She tried to fight it, but it overcame her and she again entered the darkness.

Karen's body was throbbing when she regained consciousness. She could tell where she was hurt worst by the throbbing. Her right leg, left arm and shoulder were throbbing violently. With her right hand she slowly and carefully removed her helmet. Her neck was stiff, but she could move her head. As she put her head back down, she felt a rock behind her head. An examination of the helmet revealed a crater and a crack that nearly split it in half. She put it down carefully. "It did its job," she said to herself.

The sun was well into the sky. Its light filtered through the leaves of the trees. The bike was lying across her legs; a broken branch lay to her left. Karen moved her left leg and found that the bike could be lifted using the branch as a lever. She lifted the bike off her right leg. Her left leg quickly tired while she searched for something to support the bike. She picked up a stick and used it to support the bike. It broke the the bike fell, sending a wave of pain through her. She cried for Pete and then she forgot the pain. Where was Pete? She raised her head to search for him.

Karen saw him lying there beside a tree. He didn't move. Unconscious, she told herself but something deep inside her told her different. Tears welled up in her eyes, but that same something told her, she had to get to the road. It wasn't far away, just a few feet up the hill.

Karen lifted the bike again. You've got another use, she thought, as she picked up her helmet and shoved it under the bike. She dropped her knee and the bike wobbled, then stayed balanced on the helmet. Next she had to get out from under it. First something had to be done about her arm. Slowly, a little bit at a time, she moved her left arm with her right until she had slid her left hand in the waist of her jeans. She felt the cold black of unconsciousness creep up on her as pain ran wild in her arm and shoulder. But she managed to fight it off.

Karen rested after the long painful process was complete. She lay perfectly still, listening. Two cars passed by her. She barely saw their roofs; so close, yet so difficult to reach. Two more cars passed by and Karen made up her mind to start the journey. She raised herself on her good arm and pushed with her left leg. She moved a little, but the pain shot through her whole body.

She lay back and fought the darkness that threatened to overtake her. After several minutes the pain subsided enough that she knew she wasn't going to pass out. Another attempt brought on more pain. Again she battled unconsciousness and won. Several more attempts and she was out from under the scratched and dented hawg.

She looked at her leg and found it was broken below the knee; she had a huge gash on her thigh. She found two sticks and braced the break using their clean clothes to hold them in place. She was feeling weak, so she lay back and rested. Quickly she drifted off to sleep.

The sun was setting when Karen awoke next. She felt a little stronger and sat up. The pain flared up in her arm and sides. She started to drag herself toward the road. After only a few feet she tired; her body was afire with pain. She fought it, but her strength was gone and she passed out.

The sun was completely gone from the sky when Karen opened her eyes again. It took her several minutes to get her bearings. She reached out to grab something to pull her forward. Her hand touched something cold and almost stiff. It was Pete's hand. She pulled her hand back and screamed. She was losing control. She wept for several minutes, then that voice inside her told her it wasn't doing any good and she realized the voice was right.

Once again she started to drag herself to the road. There was more pain, but she ignored it. It took her an hour to move two or three feet. The brush was getting thicker and the ground was becoming steeper. The brush cut her skin through the rips in her jacket. All this slowed her progress.

Everytime she thought she would give out, a car would pass just a few feet away and she would get a burst of energy and move a little farther up the hill. After several hours, Karen was near the top of the hill. She was resting when a car stopped right above her. She gave herself a big push, but her foot slipped and she lost a little ground. She rested. Then she heard another door. There was yelling. She tried to call to the people above, but no sound came out. Her second try produced one soft note which was drowned out in the greater noise above. Tears came to her red and swollen eyes at the sound of slamming doors. Darkness engulfed her, as the car disappeared into the night.

The light of day surrounded her when she awoke. The sun hung high in the afternoon sky. She made several

(continued on page 86)

GOODYEAR
CYCLE TIRES

ARE YA GETTIN' ANY AT HOME?

If ya ain't, ya might think about investin in a sub to the rag. Waddafuck for?

10 PRETTY FAIR REASONS TO SUBSCRIBE

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2. Yer in the slam.
3. Yer goin to the slam.
4. Yer paper-trainin the dobie.
5. It's too much trouble to remember to buy the rag every month.
6. Ya got better things ta do than look fer the rag.
7. Ya can't talk. Or don wanna.
8. Ya wanna save some bucks off the newsstand price.
9. Ya'd rather fuck than buy a goddamned magazine.
10. Some other stuff

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(Please print yer name and address to avoid errors).

DAYTONA '86

Story By Whacko Waczensky Photos By WW

It's my job to sit up here in NYC and do rewrites on all the great copy our reporters send up from Daytona. They tole me it was an important job, that I'd be swamped with phone calls and express mail packages containin the best writin that a small amount of money can buy.

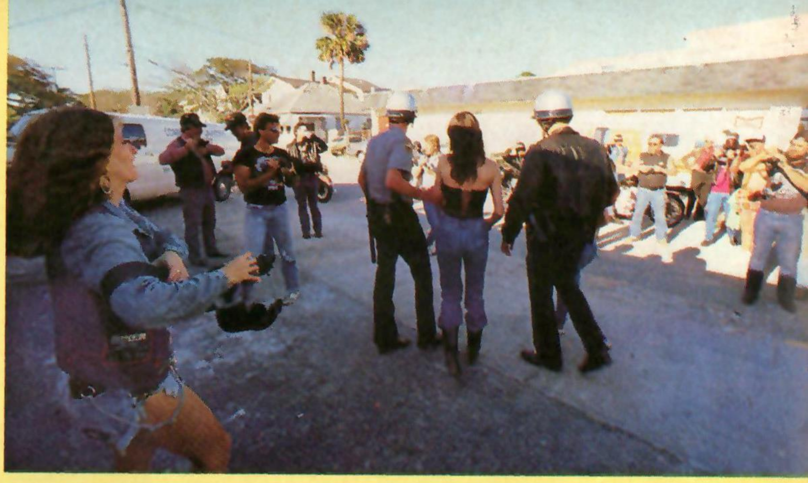
Well, it's time to go to press and I ain't heard from any of those fuckers. Nil, nada, zilch, zero, shit. The mailbag's empty; the phones are silent.

So whaddafuck? Based on past experience, I can tell ya Daytona was:

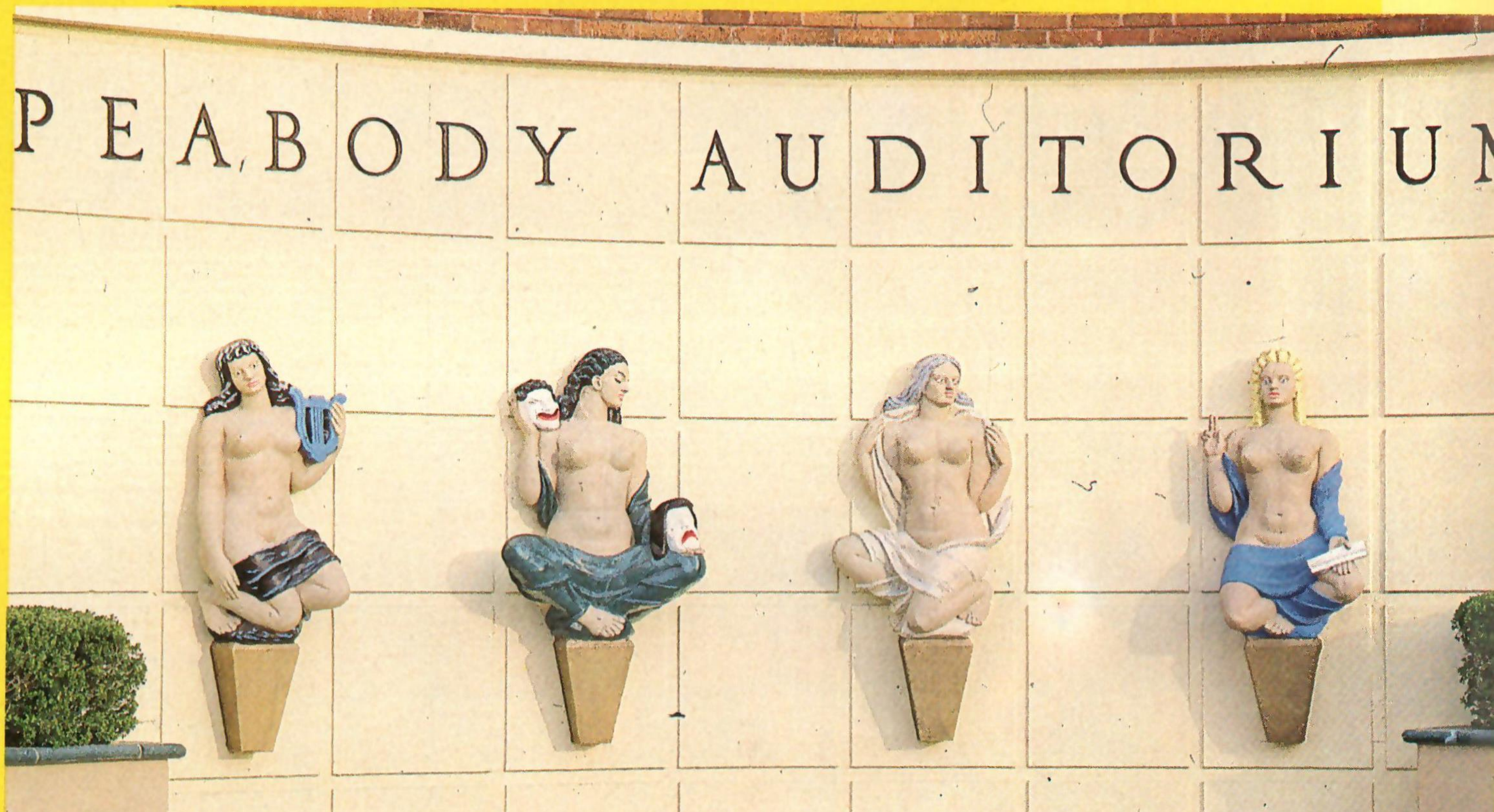
1. Blessed with sun & sand/cursed with cold & rain
2. Roarin with tricked-out iron
3. Undulatin with hot, l'il hardbellies
4. Fulla fuzz
5. Flyin high with substance abuse
6. Achin with the above
7. Poundin with fist fights
8. A blur

If ya ain't been there, go. If ya went, see if ya can find those fuck-up reporters, so's I can rip off their heads and shit down their throats. The assholes. ■

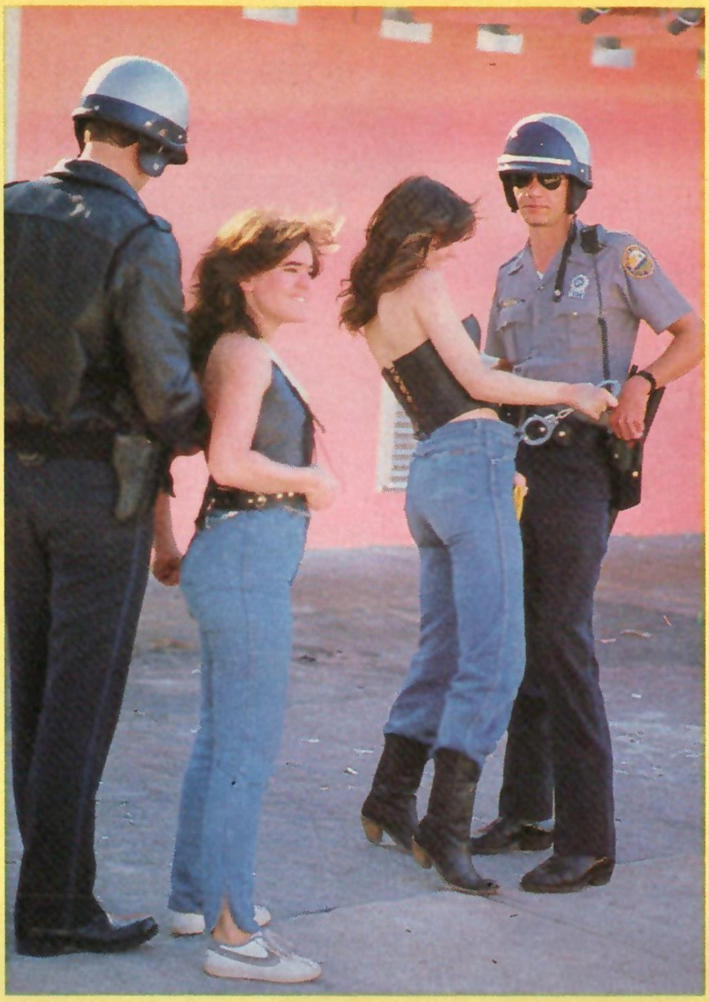
MAGNUM
Indian



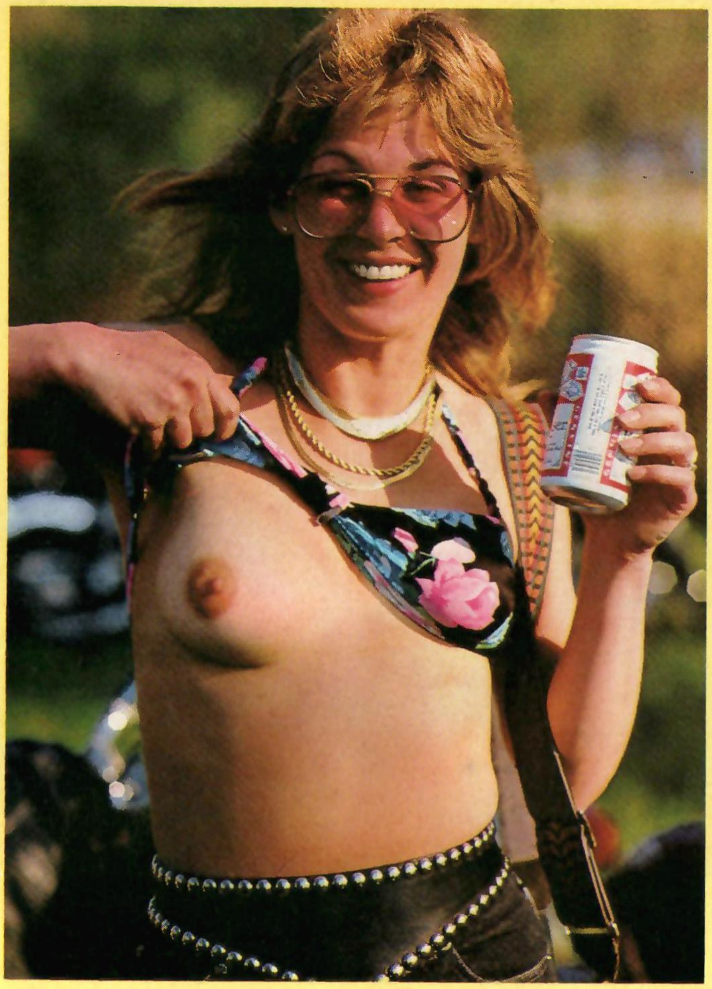
YO, DAYTONA—

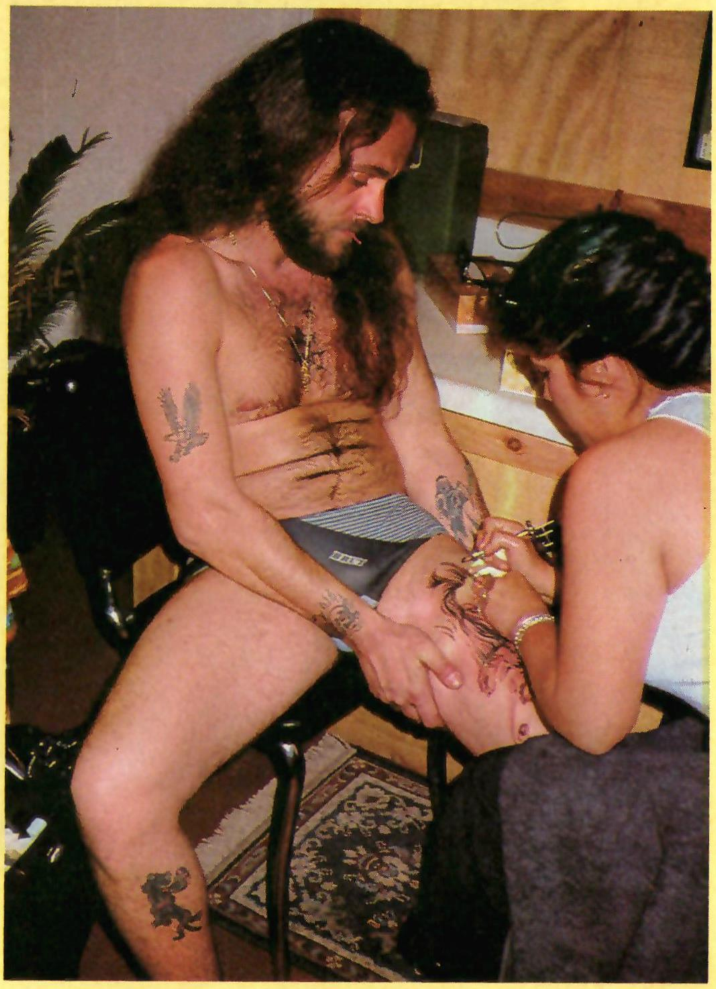

PEABODY AUDITORIU

Show Us Yer Tits, Ya Hypocrite Bastards!



Iron Horse Wants This Girl: Reward for info about this chick.

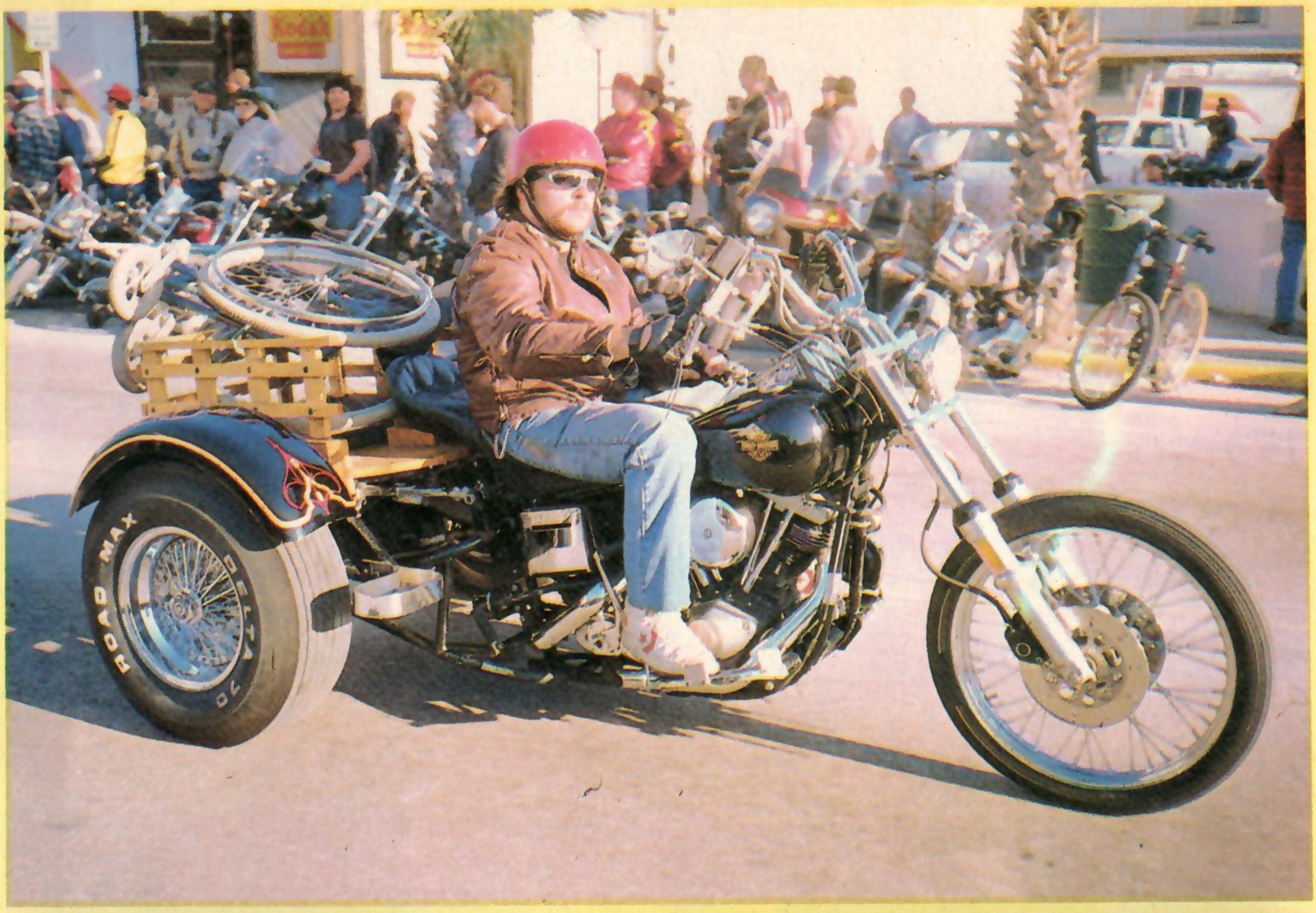


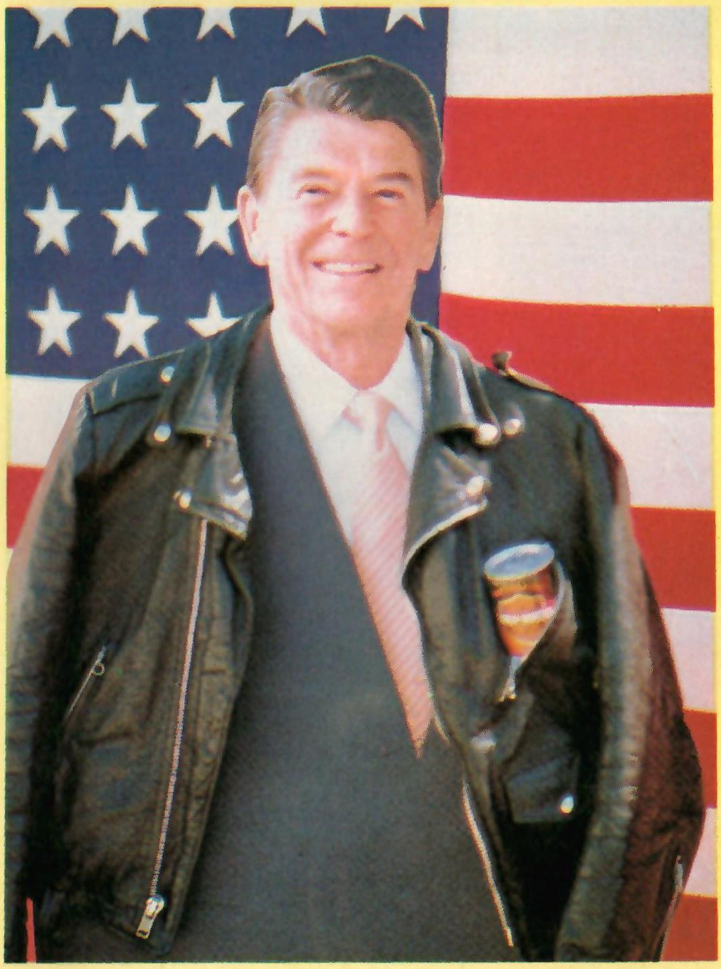


FLH

IF IT SMELLS LIKE
EAT IT!

HARLEY WOMEN
PO BOX


ROAD MAX
DELTA 70



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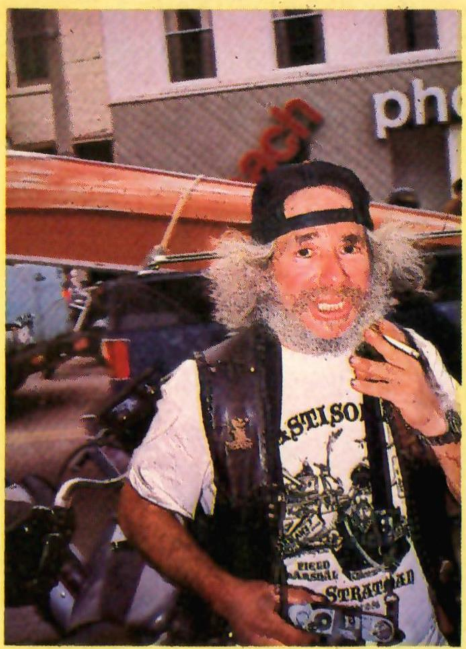
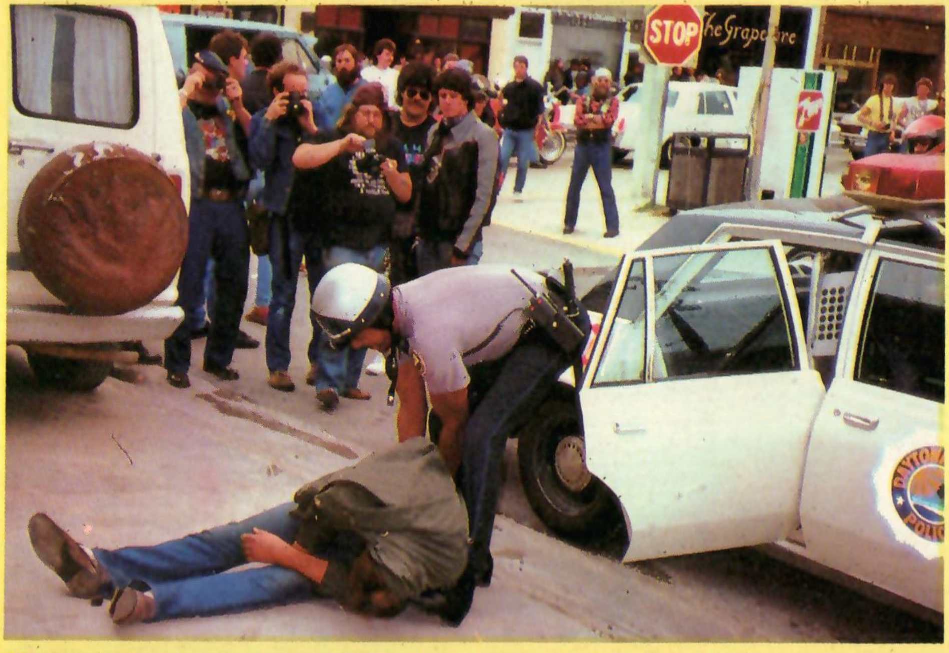
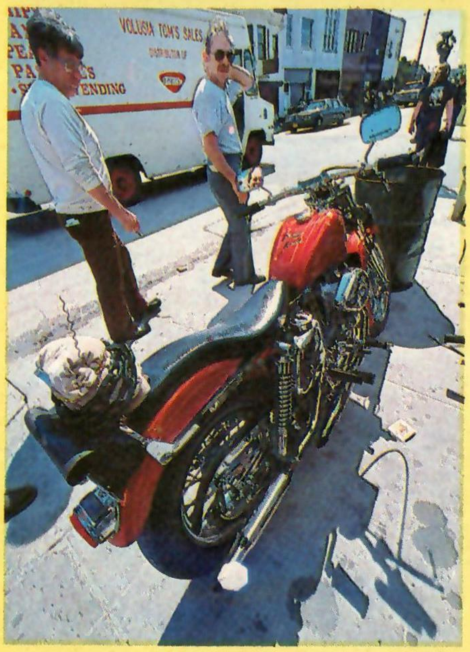
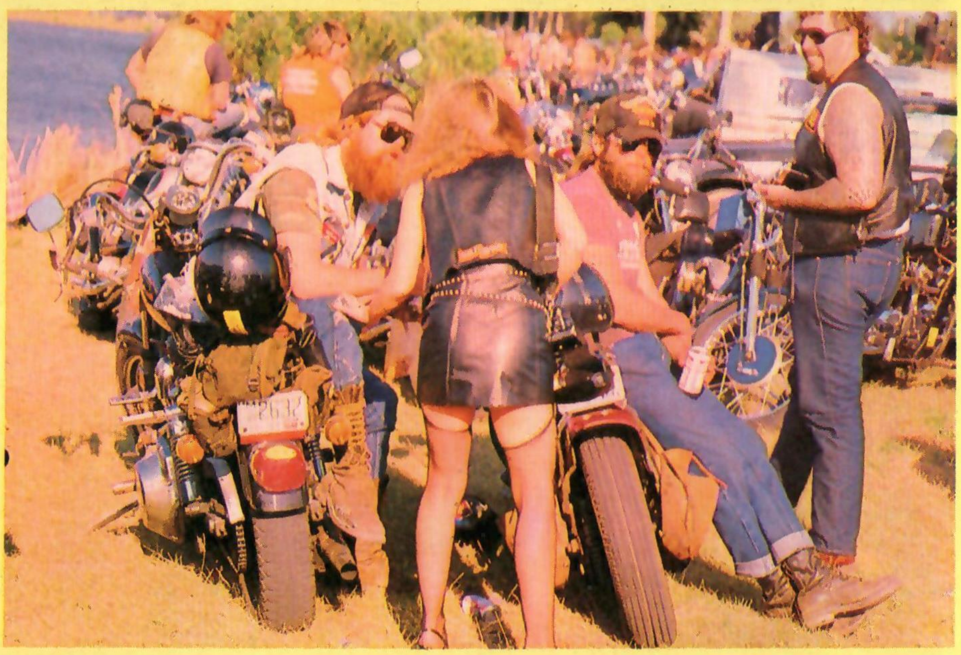
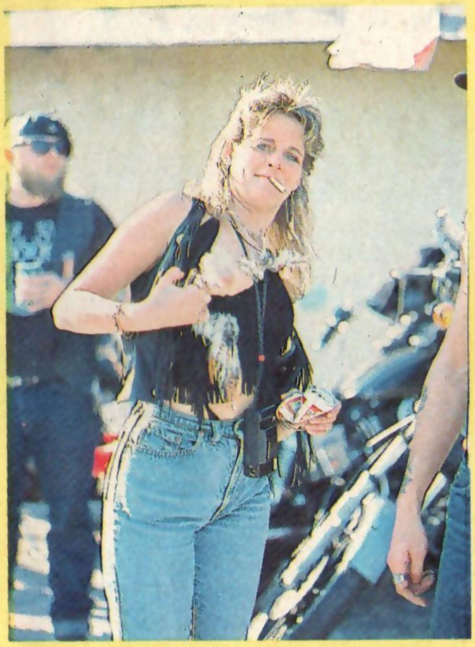
WITH THE
PRESIDENT



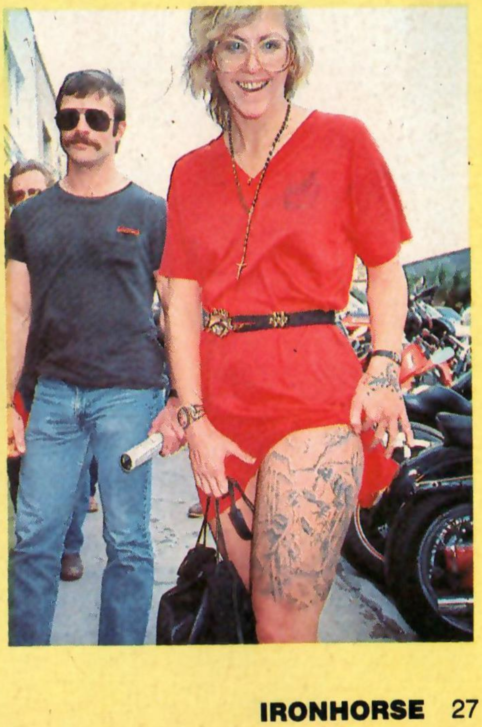

STOP
The Grapevine


VOLUSIA TOM'S SALES

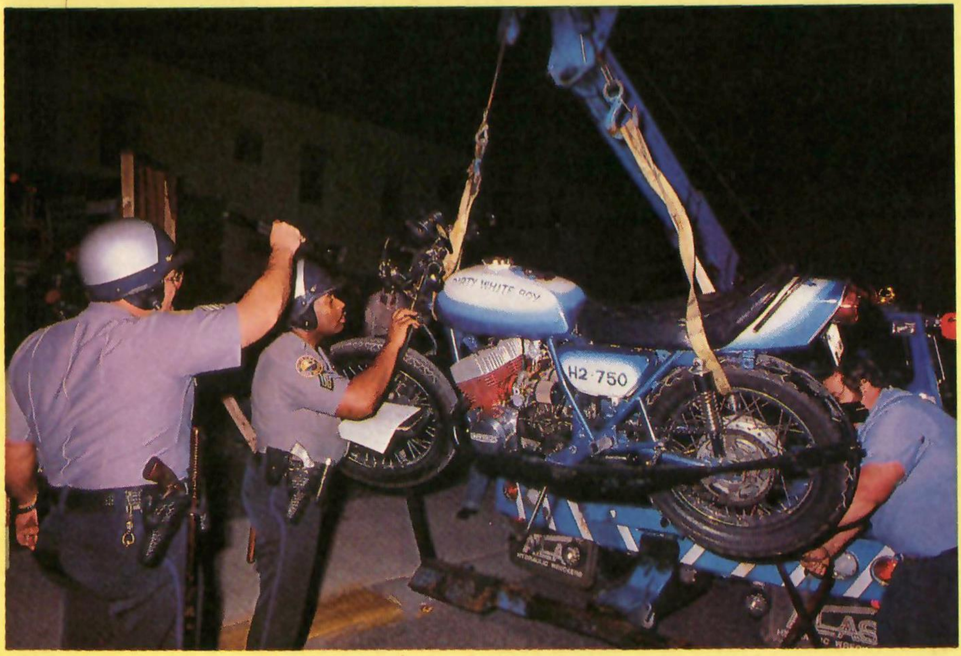




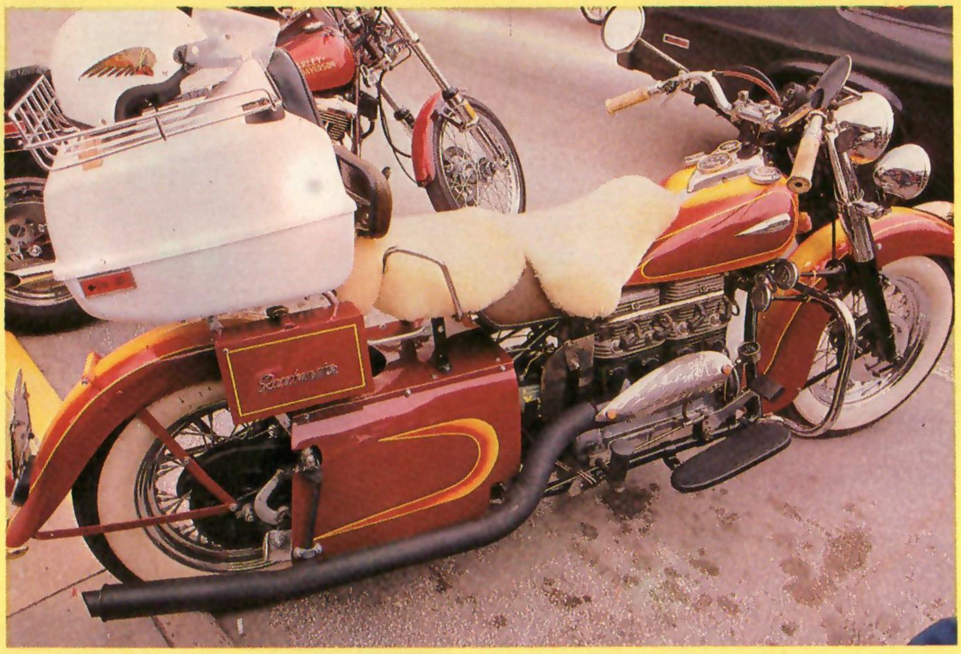
FUCK
EASY RIDERS
Harley
Honey
Harley-Davidson



HOTEL
CHOPPERS WORLD


DIRTY WHITE BOY
H2-750

Bertie's
LUNCHEONETTE



B625C

PARTY
NAKED

A LOW, LOW RIDE

When we got the before and after shots of Frank Anastasi's 1973 Sporster, it was like one of those weight loss ads with the broken down tub of lard on one side, and the sleek, fine lookin babe on the other. Ya just can't believe it's the same chick. And, if we could find that "before" photo of the Sporty ya'd know exactly what I'm talkin about, but since it's vanished in the rubble of this dump, you'll have to take my word for it.

The "before" Sporty was a rollin basketcase when Frank found it languishin between two lawnmowers in a dirty garage. He picked up the rusty, dusty, dinged-up Harley for next to nothin and tore into it like a man with a mission. The mission in this case bein: to build a scoot that his petite ol lady could ride and still get her feet to hit the ground at the same time.

Yeah, that's right, bros, this low ridin Sporty is Frank's ol lady's ride—that's why it's probably the lowest ridin Sporty you'll ever lay eyes on. The lady's legs are barely long enough reach to the ground.

Frank, along with his good bro Allen Shelton, trucked the Sporty down from Cold Spring, NY, to the classy Manhattan apartment where these flicks were taken, wrestlin the sled up the freight elevator, and damn near givin the snooty inhabitants of the posh building a coronary as they wheeled the bad motor scooter through the hall.

Imagine some old lady, with platinum jewelry to match her hair, turnin the corner with her faggy French poodle and comin face to face with a pair of genuine bikers tryin to squeeze a big, black, throbbin motorcycle down her virgin hallway. First they violate the sanctity of the building, then they try to cram a bike down the tight hallway... who knows what's next? Well, if it came down to it, the poodle would be in more danger than any blue-haired biddy. But what this biddy didn't know was that Frank and Allen are as fine and as upstandin members of society as anybody livin in the holy sanctuary of her building.

Ya see, Allen's an electrical engineer and makes your basic hand over fist

(continued on page 96)

Tech Sheet

Owner: Frank Anastasi
City: Cold Spring, NY

General

Fabrication by: Owner
Year and make: 1973 H-D
Model: XLH
Value: $4000
Assembly by: Owner
Chroming by: Brown's Plating

Engine

Year: 1973
Model: Sportster
Rebuilder: Zack
Ignition: Battery/coil
Displacement: 61"
Lower end: Stock
Balancing: H&D
Pistons: H-D
Cases: Stock
Heads: Stock
Cam(s): Stock
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): Bendix
Air Cleaner: Foam
Pipes: Drag
Muffler: NO

Frame

Year: New
Builder: Jammer
Type: Rigid
Other Alterations: None

Accessories

Bars: Drag
Risers: Drag Specialties
Fenders: Swap meet
Headlight(s): H-D
Taillight: Oval
Speedo: None; Drag Specialties Tach
Front pegs: Swap meet
Rear pegs: None
Electrics: Owner
Gas tank: Swap meet fatbob
Oil tank: Spun
Oil system: Stock
Primary cover: Chromed
Seat: From BSA chopper

Trannny

Modifications: None
Year: 1973
Shifting: Foot

Painting

Molding: None
Painter: Howie
Color: Black
Type: Lacquer
Special paint: Gold Leaf by Howie

Forks

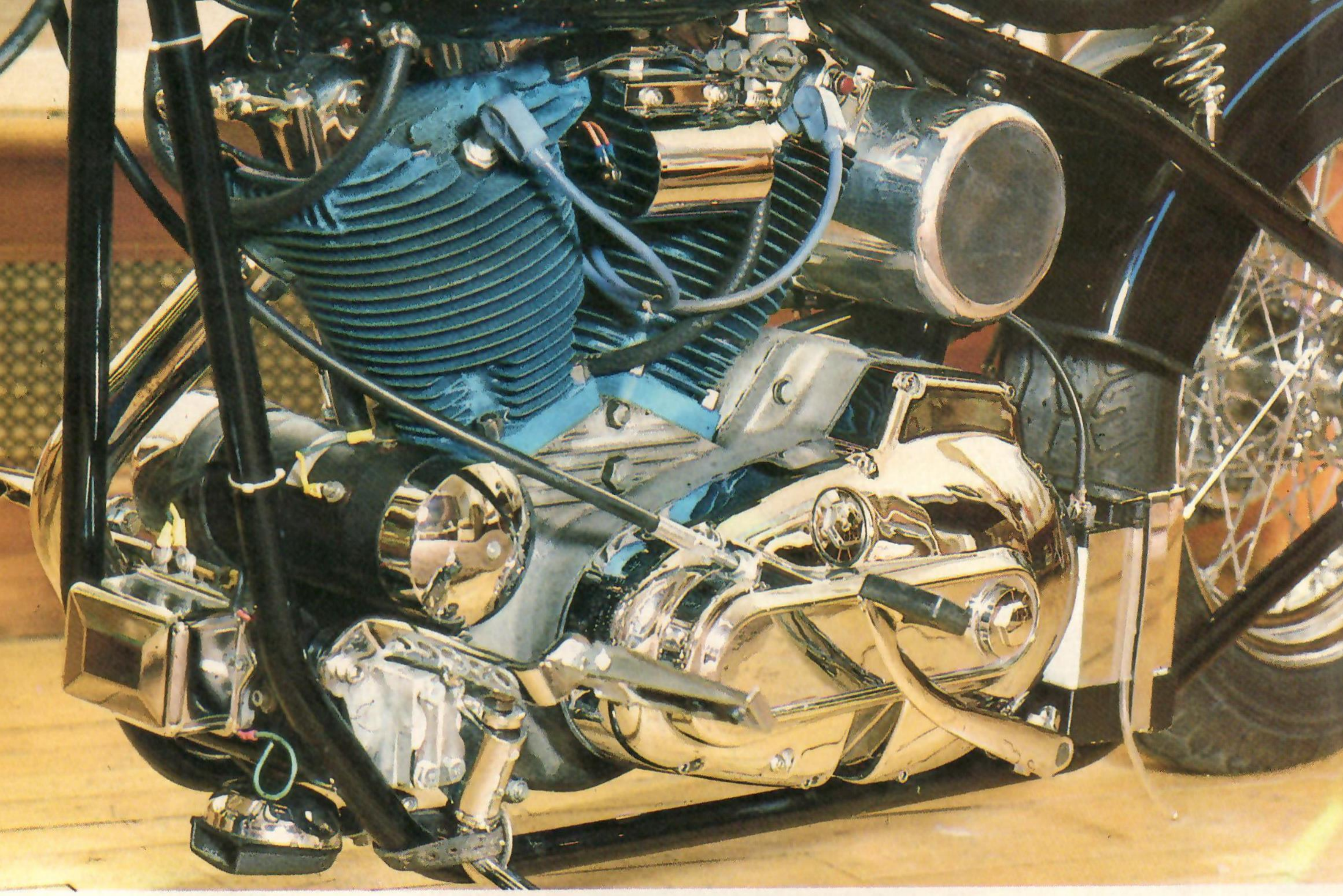
Type: Narrow
Extension: Stock
Builder: H-D
Special features: None

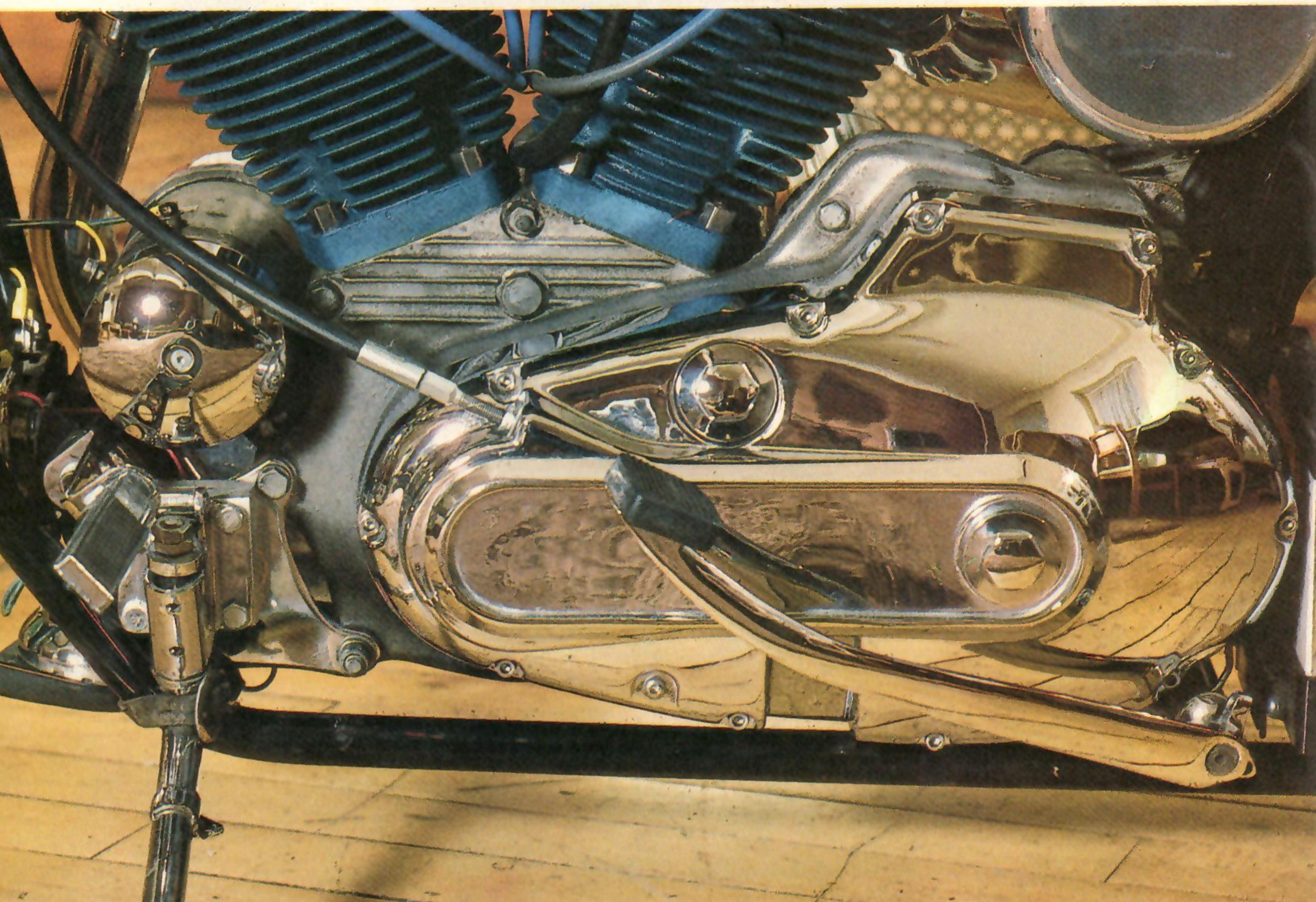
Wheels

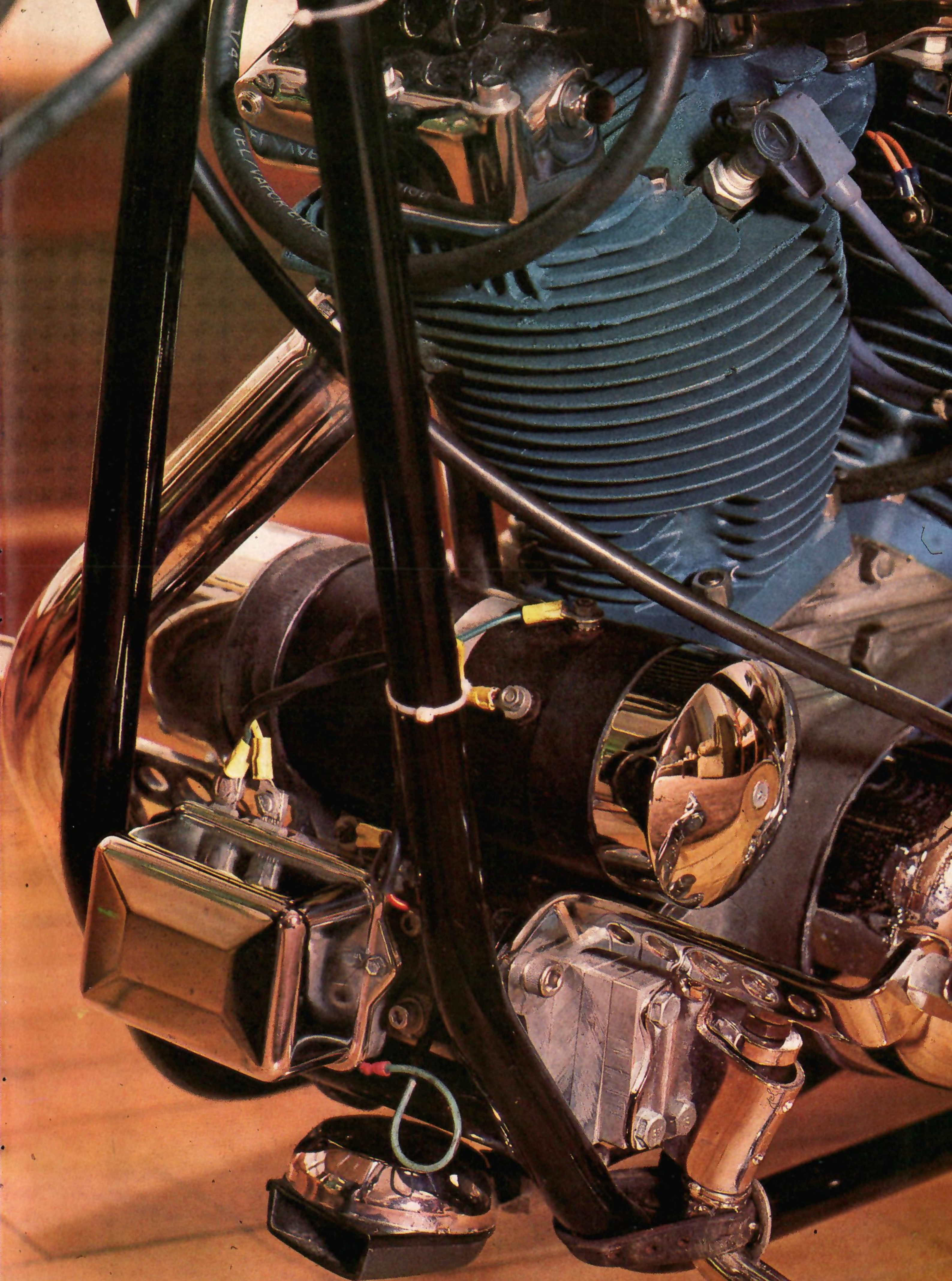
Front wheel size: H-D
Rear wheel size: Ted's Cycle Shed
Front hub: H-D
Rear hub: H-D
Front tire: Conti
Rear tire: Conti
Front brake: Disc
Rear brake: Drum

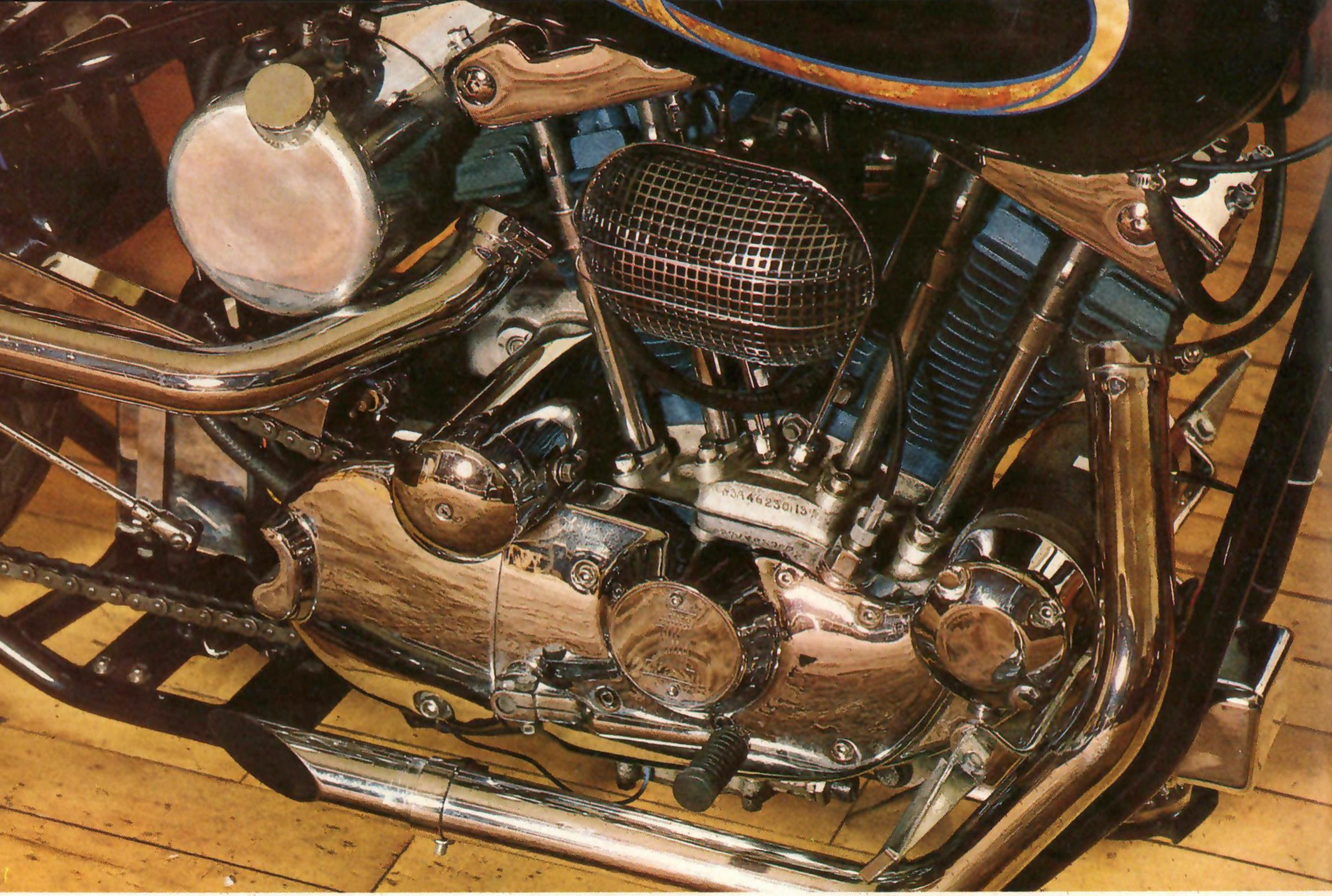
Story By Phlegm Jim

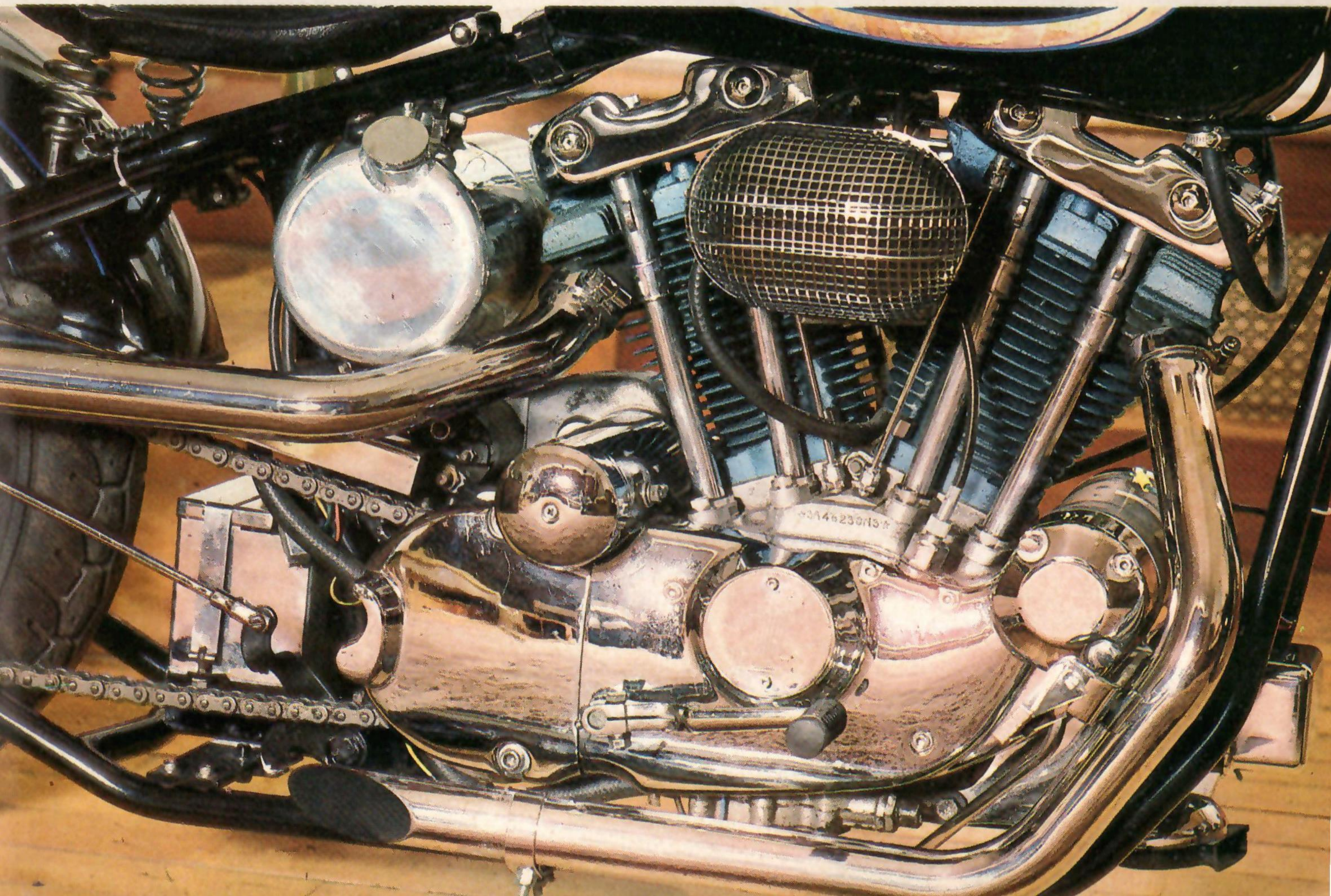
Photos By Rocco DiRic

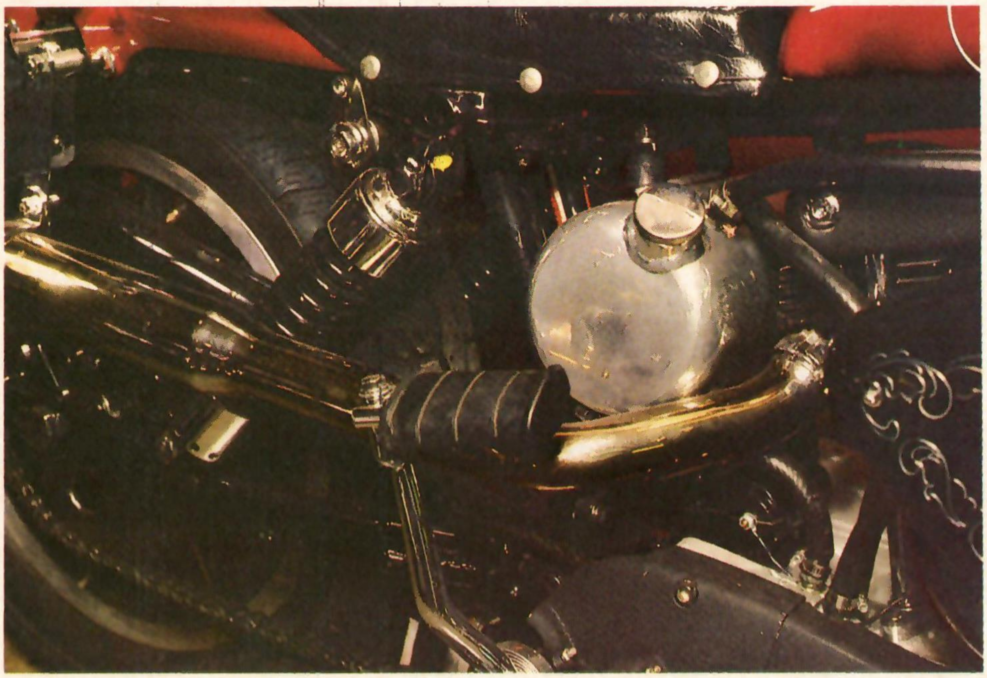












STEALIN' DOGS & SCARFIN' BREW

Makin The Perfect Even Better

Story By The Incredible Mr. Grub

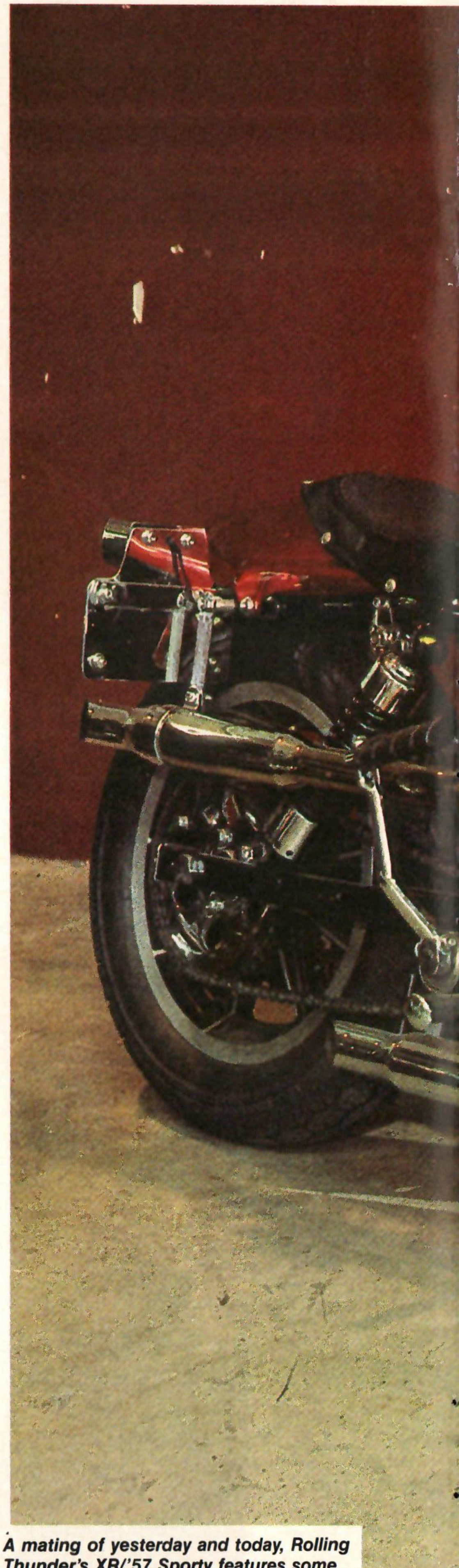
Photos By Jim Smith

Fuck it, that's all I gotta say. While W.W. gets to cruise on down to sunny Daytona and "cover the races" (yeah, right, the races), they keep the rest of us second stringers up here freezin it out in the company of New York's Old Man Winter, and he's one cold dude, let me tell ya, Every December the frostbitten geezer swoops down outta Canada with a pair of ice-blue vise grips that he clamps directly onto yer nuts, and the fucker don't loosen em up til April. Makes it damn hard to go fer a putt: talk about crampin yer style!

Fortunately, the monotony of freezin yer balls off is broken up in March by the Nassau Coliseum Cage & Bike Show which rolls around twice a year, providin a chance to see what the custom builders have been up to durin the hibernatin months. Me and ace backup lensman Jimbo were cut loose from the warm spacious *Iron Horse* offices for the day. Our instructions? "Do it up, don't fuck it up."

We wormed our way out of the Big Apple's 24-hour traffic jam without killin anybody or smashin into any of the limo population, and we figured so far, so good. The shit can, I mean staff car (a '63 C-10) was running pretty good, and used only two quarts of oil to cover the 40 miles out to Nassau, and armed with all the spare change we found in the petty cash sock, we were countin on an afternoon of free eats and suds, finally gettin a slice of that raisin pie that W.W. usually hogs.

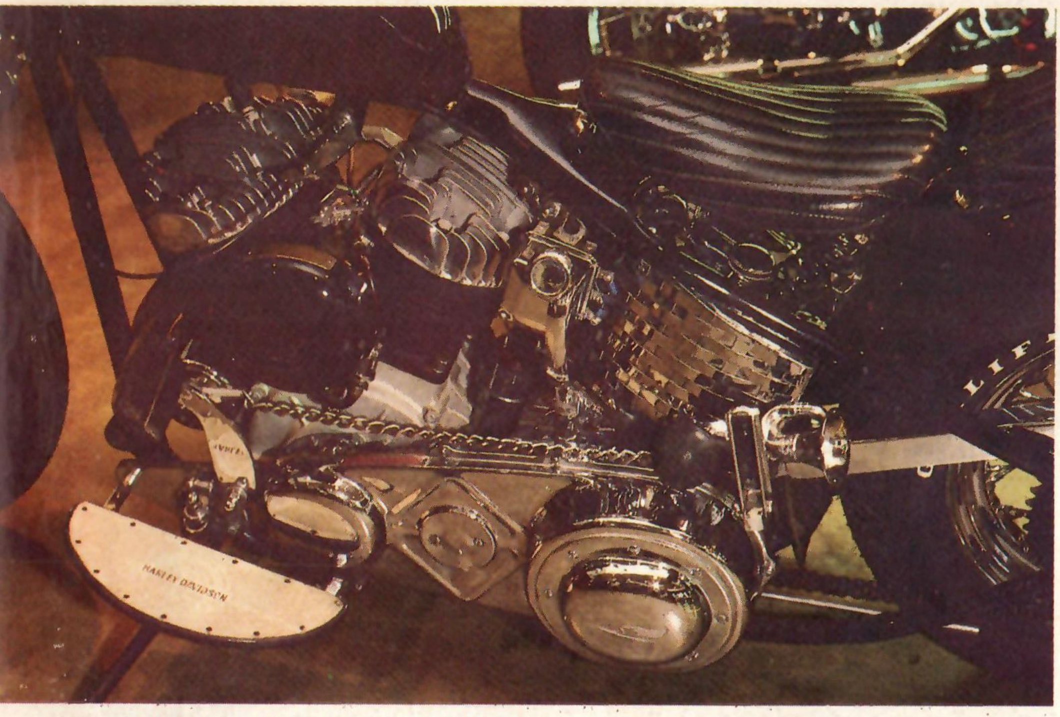
Well, ya've heard that bullshit concernin the best laid plans of mice and men, I assume, and I'm here to tell ya that whoever made that line up about yer plans getting fucked up knew what he was talkin about. But I'm gettin ahead of myself. There we were, cruisin in high style courtesy of the rag, anticipatin droolin over the fine scoots and ladies, lookin forward to stuffin our faces fulla greasy hot dogs and drinkin brew as fast as we could piss it out, when the shit can's shift linkage goes out to lunch and we can't get the fucker out of first. We had to make the last leg



A mating of yesterday and today, Rolling Thunder's XR/'57 Sporty features some trick frame work to accomodate oil tank and shocks.

ROLLING THUNDER

DUNLOP
QUALITY

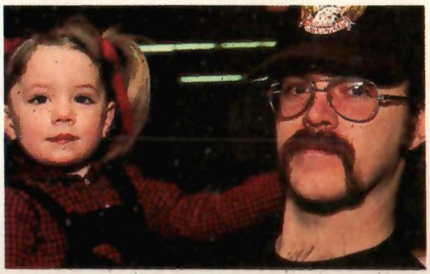


Grub's personal favorite, a 1941 Flattie that he'd give his left nut for.

to the Coliseum at a leisurely eight mile an hour pace, but we kept our cool and figured it wouldn't make that much difference on the return trip which would be durin the rush hour. Eight mph in the NYC rush hour is like doin the maximum warp boogie on *Star Trek*.

Anyway, after parkin the shit can, we gathered up all of Jimbo's high-tech photo gear, includin the dirty piece of poster board that supplements his state of the art strobe lighting system, and I affectionately patted the petty cash sock inside my jacket that was to be our meal ticket for the day. Remember that "was to be" part. We were feeling petty good, checkin out the preliminary exhibits, and concluded that some cages don't look bad at all, provided ya spend on em. We strolled up to the ticket taker and nonchalantly informed the man that we were gonna do em the honor of puttin the show in *Iron Horse*, but the dude was visibly unmoved. I showed him my battery acid-eaten I.H. T-shirt as credentials, but still the dude didn't budge. Seems he wanted $7.50 apiece. Not that he doubted who we said we were or that we put out a righteous rag, but it seems we didn't make it on the "guest list" and his hands were tied.

"Shit," I said to Jimbo. "Looks like



1963 Royal Blue Sportster—striping by Alex.

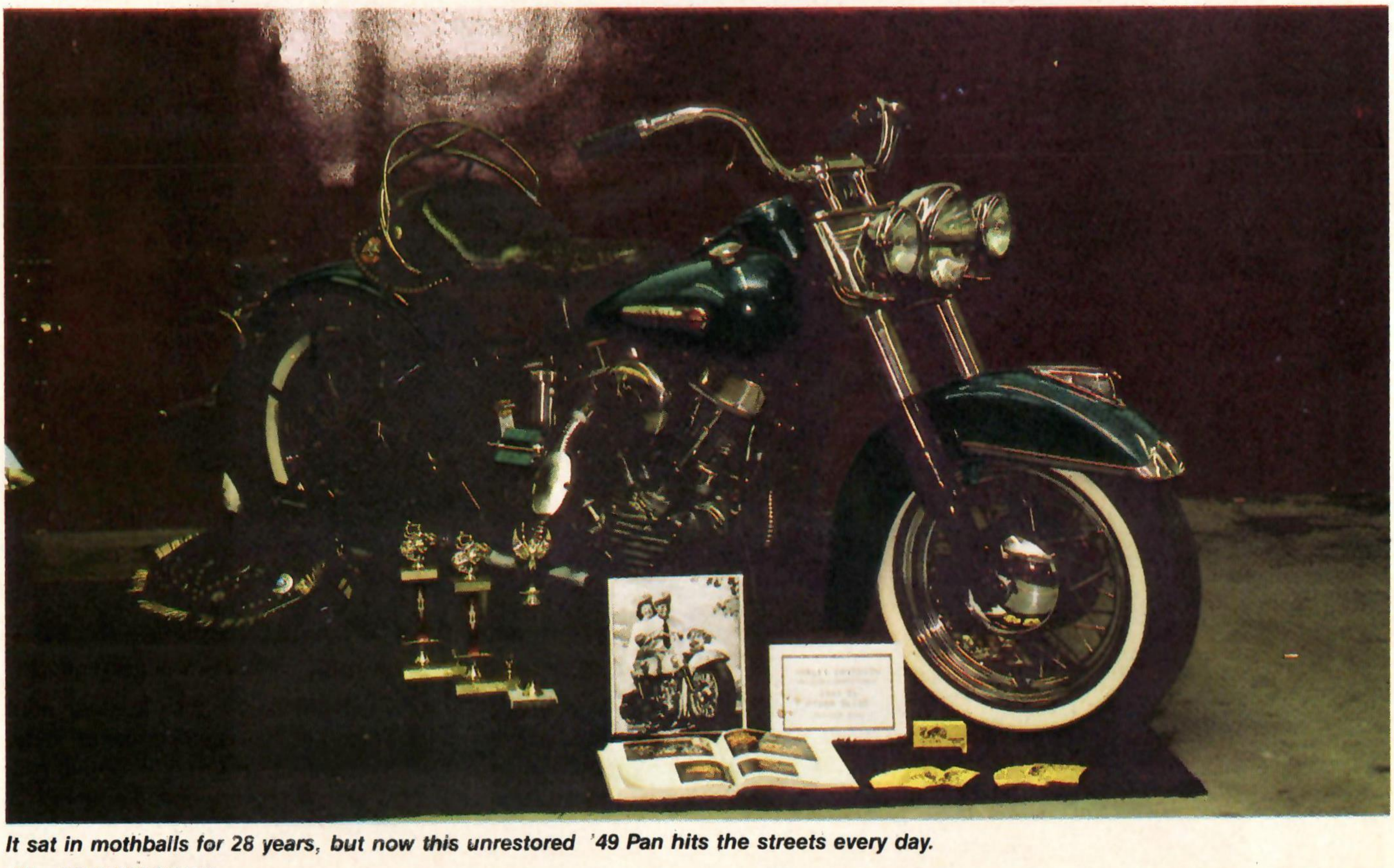
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
4500
OR B/O
826-9790
FOR SALE
Harley-Davidson

Electra Glide in Wedgewood Blue, this '74 Shovel is a lot younger than it locks.

(the name of certain custom shop who shall remain nameless) didn't cover us like they said they were gonna."

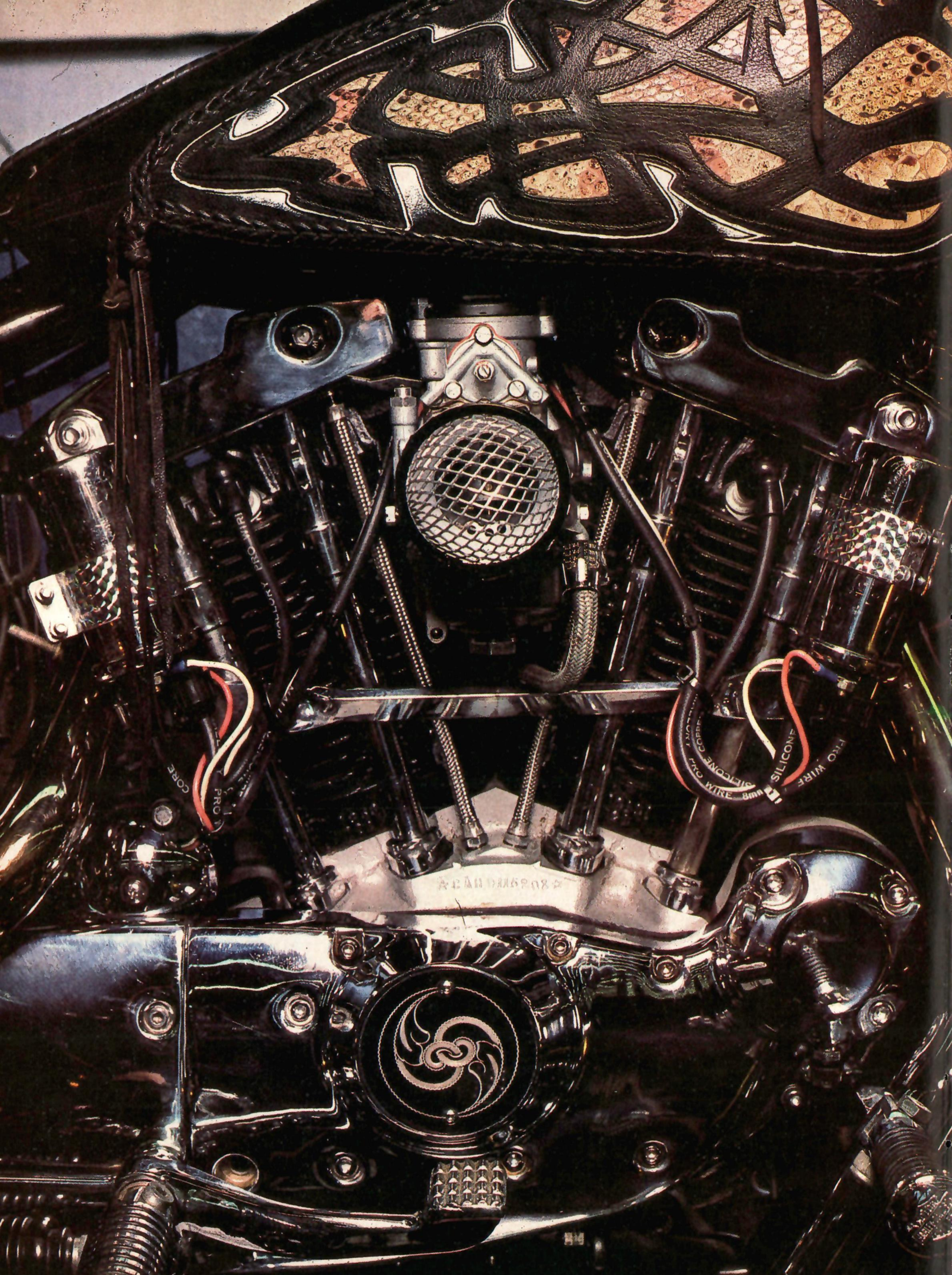
I'm sure Jimbo was impressed with the aplomb with which I was handlin the situation. Under normal circumstances, the back of my neck would've started to get a little warm when faced with such a potentially fucked up scene, but this time was different. This time we had the sock.

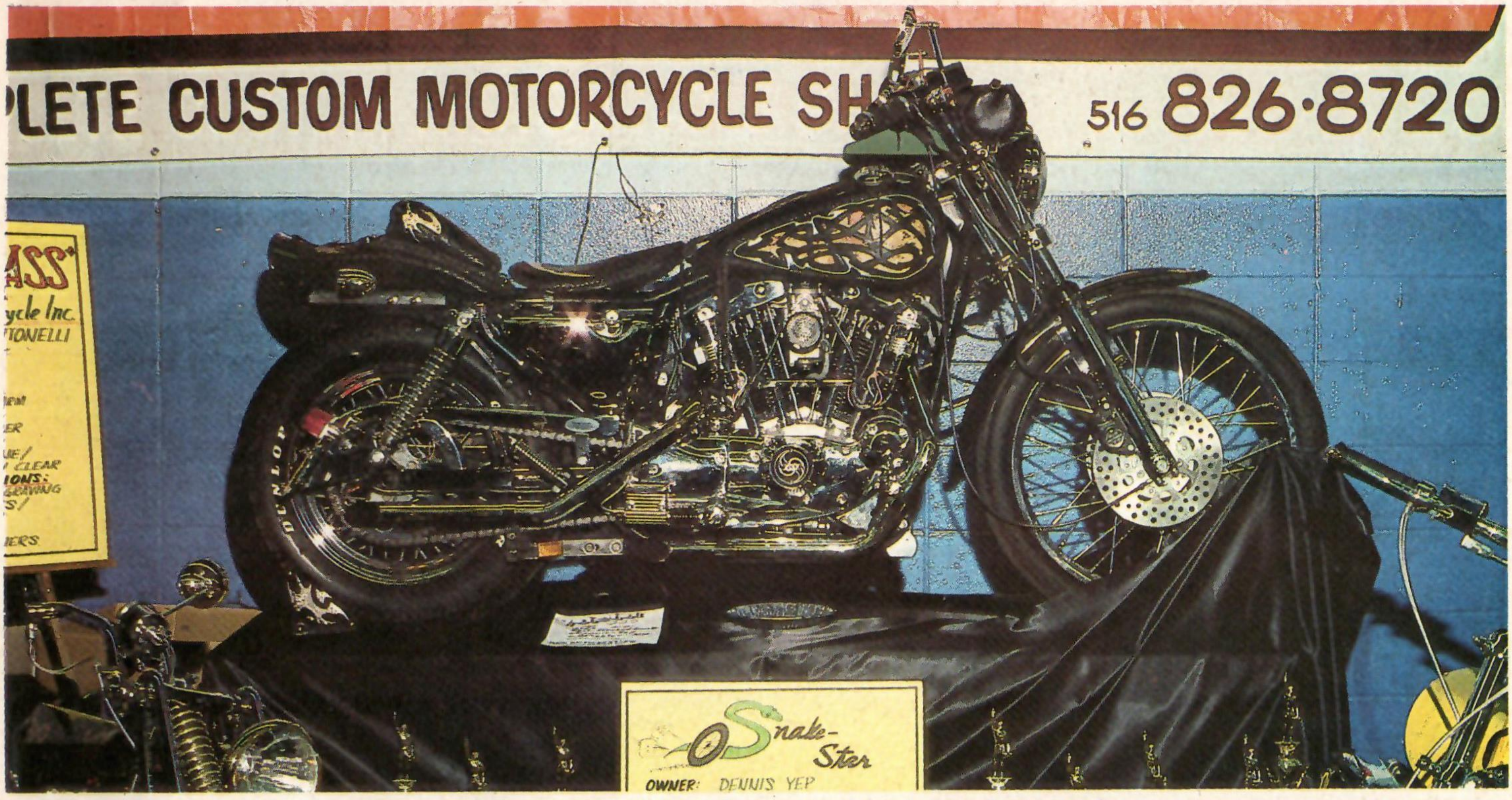
I whipped the sock out with flourish, immune to the stench that has discouraged more than one light-fingered staffer, and relish the crinkle of the bills beneath the smelly fabric. There was a



It sat in mothballs for 28 years, but now this unrestored '49 Pan hits the streets every day.

A classy Pan owned by one of the Pagans.


MALLORY PRO WIRE
CORE
PRO
SILICONE PRO WIRE 8mm
COPPER


PLETE CUSTOM MOTORCYCLE SH
516 826-8720
Snake-Ster
OWNER: DENNIS YEP

An S&S Sidewinder kit in the cases and snakeskin on the fatbobs—what else but the Snake-ster?

sizeable wad in there, not to mention about a ton of change, and I reached in, as the ticket man winced and his eyes began to water from the fumes. I pulled out what I was expectin to be (remember "was to be") a fat handfull of nice, green fives, tens, and twentys and handed em to the man. Again the fucker didn't move.

"C'mon, man, count it out and let us in, we got a job to do," I said, eager to get the brew. I realized I was pretty damn thirsty.

It was then that I noticed that what

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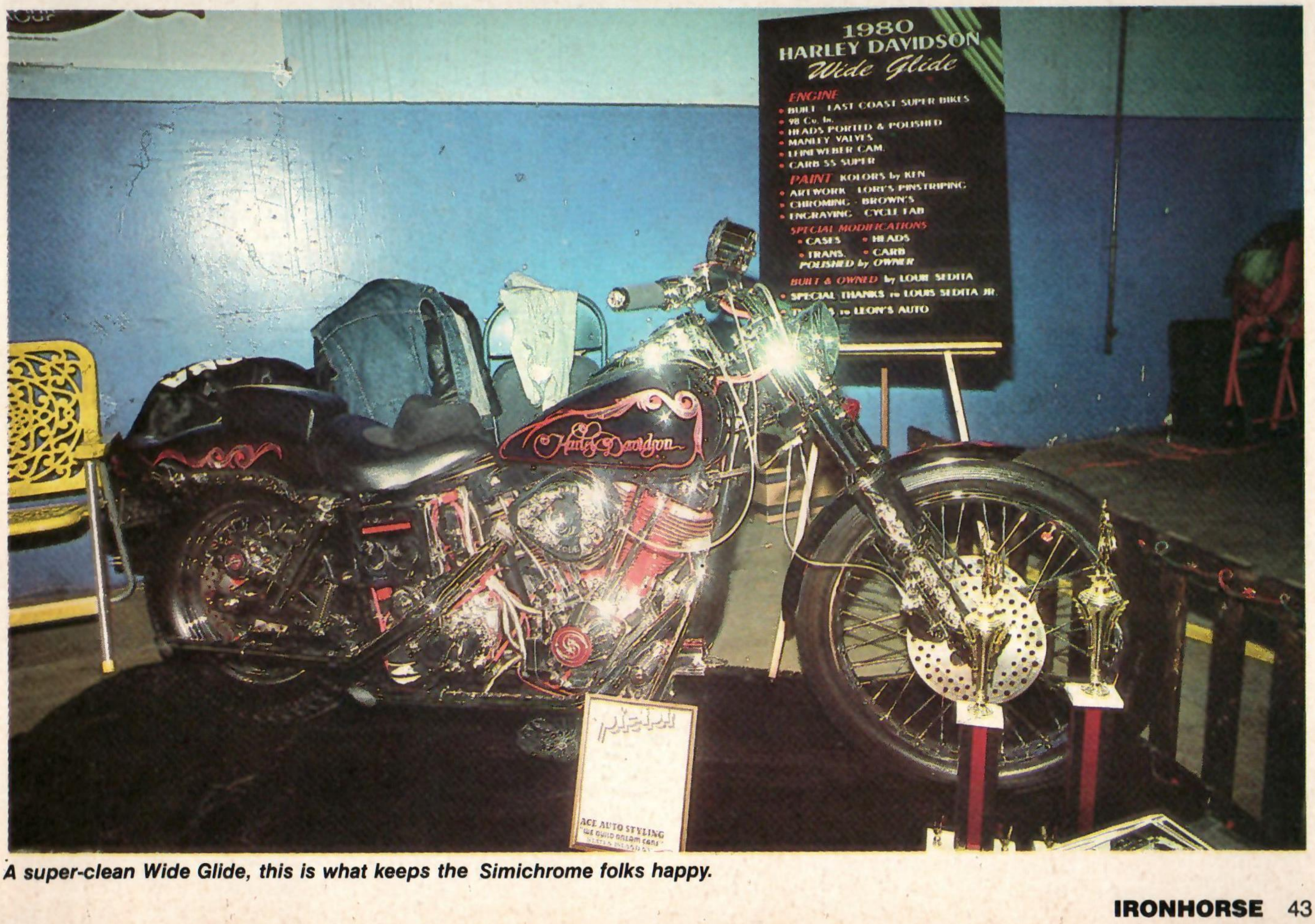

1980
HARLEY DAVIDSON
Wide Glide
ENGINE
BUILT EAST COAST SUPER BIKES
98 Cu. In.
HEADS PORTED & POLISHED
MANLEY VALVES
LEINEWEBER CAM.
CARB SS SUPER
PAINT KOLORS by KEN
ARTWORK LORI'S PINSTRIPING
CHROMING - BROWN'S
ENGRAVING CYCLE FAB
SPECIAL MODIFICATIONS
CASES
HEADS
TRANS.
CARB
POLISHED by OWNER
BUILT & OWNED by LOUIE SEDITA
SPECIAL THANKS to LOUIS SEDITA JR.
to LEON'S AUTO
Harley Davidson
ACE AUTO STYLING

A super-clean Wide Glide, this is what keeps the Simichrome folks happy.

Interview By Lobo
Photos By Rocky DiRico

DEATH WISH DENISE

She's got destruction on her mind— and suicide on her head.

She's got self-destruction on her mind an the word "suicidal" tattooed on her head; she's a body-builder, a dancer, an easel for skin art; she's gone to the brink of the Great Unknown and lived to tell about it; she's Death Wish Denise, and she sure ain't yer average chick.

Growing up in Michigan and Florida, she's been in love with death since she can remember. She's tried to check out a couple of times, but was snatched back by a team of doctors who pumped a medium-sized pharmacy out of her stomach. Sometimes she's not so glad they were successful; sometimes it all don't seem worth it.

Denise has this problem because she don't run with the crowd. She's unique. She likes the things that straight people find offensive: bikes, bikers, tats and death. Sound familiar?

Perhaps the single most unusual thing about her is the tattoo "suicidal" on her head. That really got us goin when we saw it. Both the tattoo and the message kinda sum it up.

"I was 18 years old and in Amsterdam," she says. "And I saw this painting with the words 'Suicidal Tendencies.'" That's the name of ta punk rock band, and I thought, wow! I'm pretty suicidal and I started laughing.

"This guy I'm with says, 'Why don't you stick that on your head?' I thought about it for a while, then I decided it would be pretty neat. No one in the world has anything like that on their head."

Right. So she had those fuck-it-all words emblazoned on her pate (she had it done in England which accounts for the "emblazoned" and "pate").

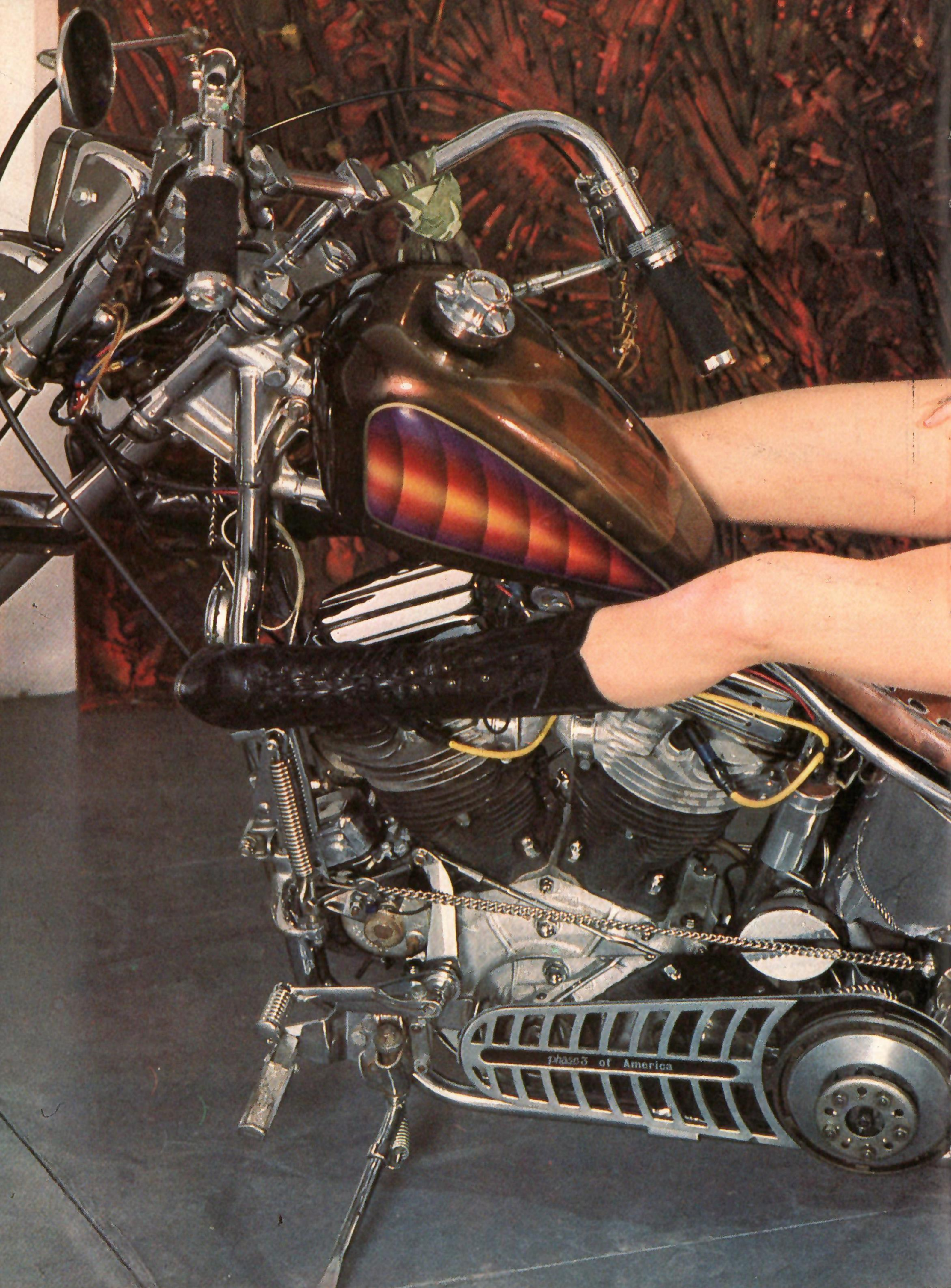
At the same time she had herself branded with barbed wire. "I just told the tattooist I wanted somethin different that went all the way around my arm. I wanted to accent the muscle. I do some body building because I'm so skinny and I like to look like I have something on me.

"So the tattooist goes ahead and starts whizzing around my arm with a piece of barbed wire. He didn't even use a stencil," she says.

That's another thing. She believes in free-hand tattooing. She doesn't want or

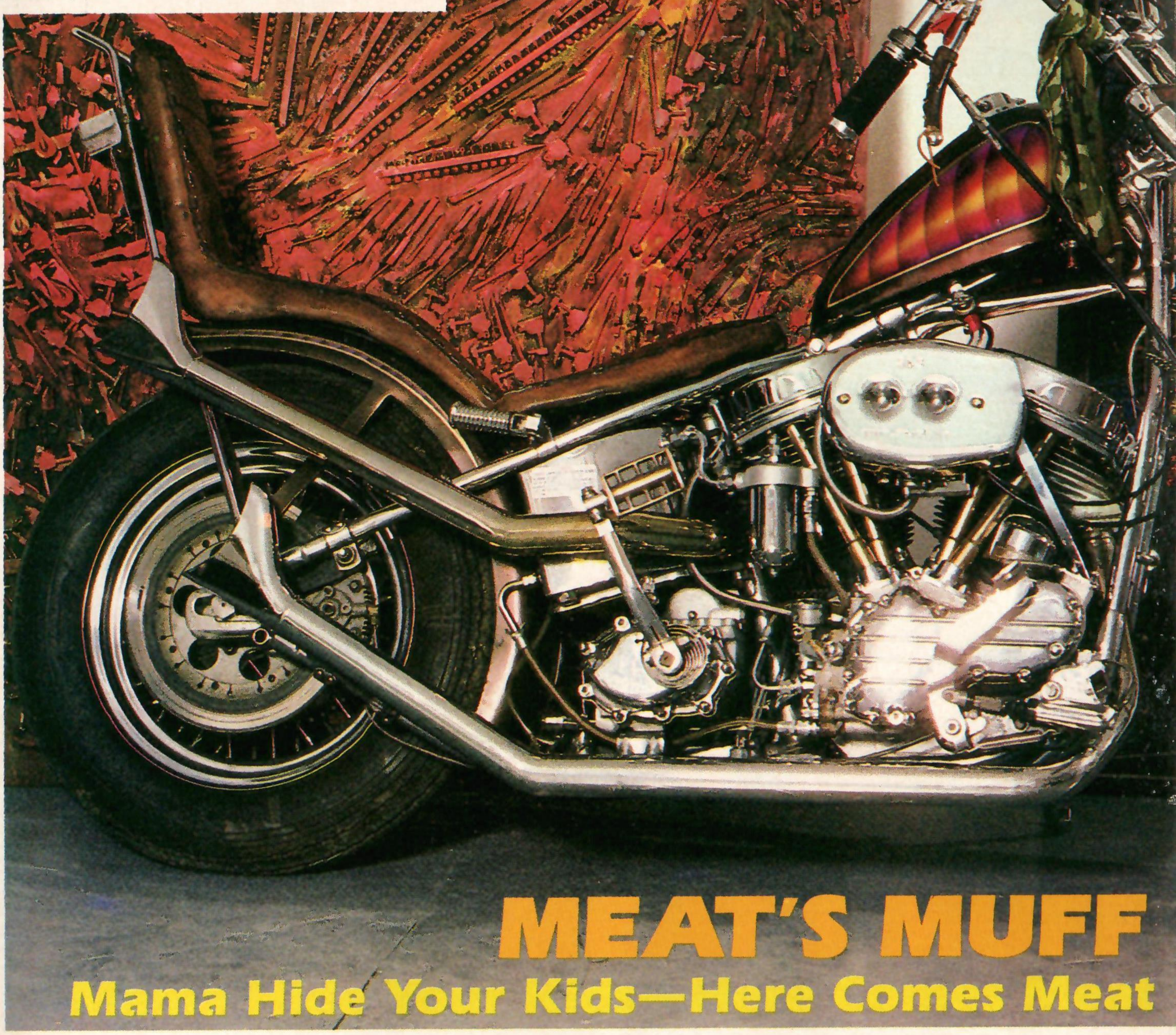
(continued on page 86)

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
S&S


phase3 of America

America

Story By Trukk Photos By Rocky DiRico



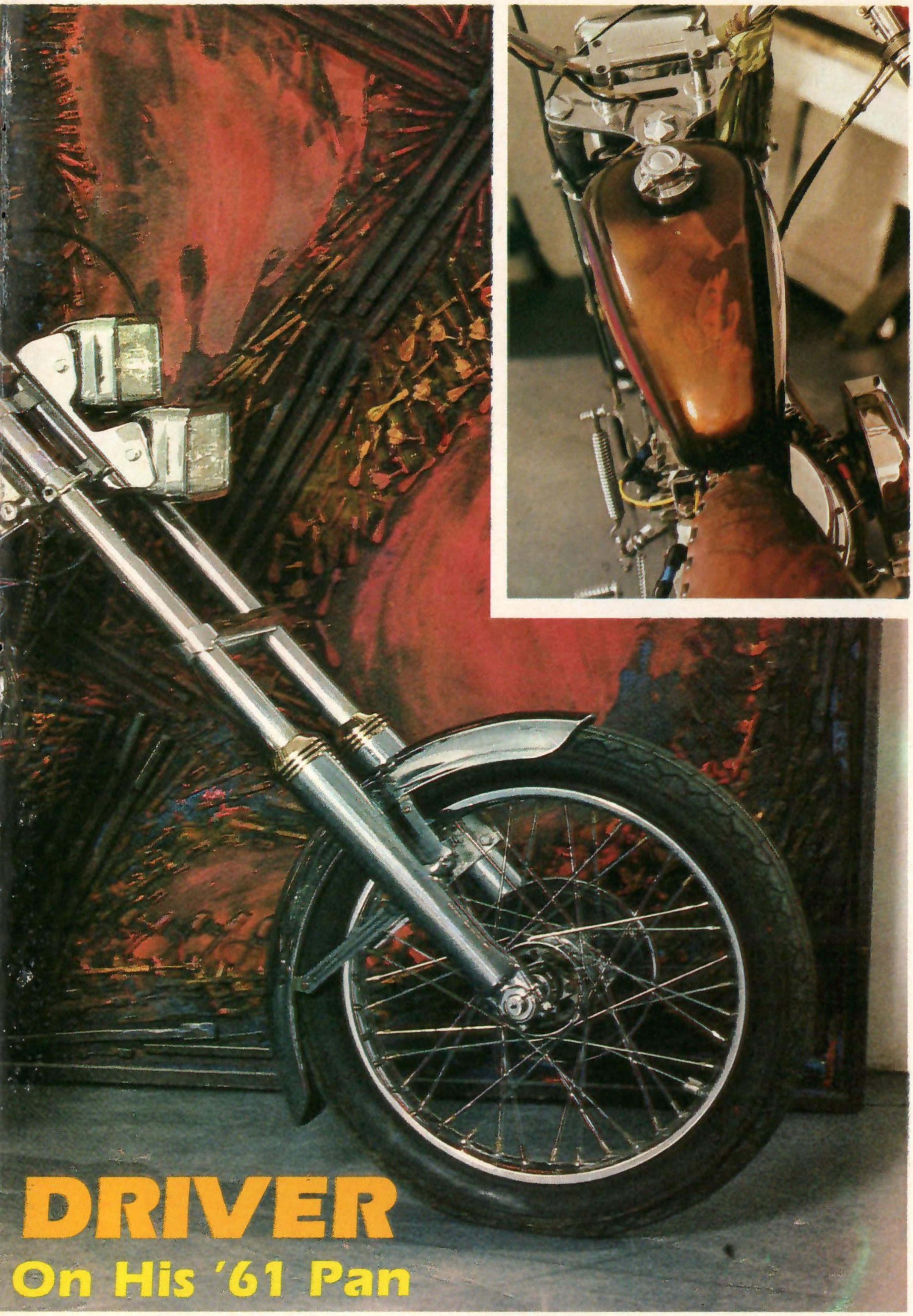
MEAT'S MUFF

Mama Hide Your Kids—Here Comes Meat

Meat and his bro Bruce are a couple of the most diehard, go-down-swingin, gung-ho Panhead freaks you're ever likely to run across. To these guys, "Panheads Forever" is not just another T-shirt slogan, it's the fuckin Eleventh Commandment, and the number one rule of the Righteous Life.

From their stompin grounds in Ashford, Connecticut, to NYC, these bros spread the gospel accordin to Harley and are now gettin nationwide with *Iron Horse.* This month we're concentratin on Meat's rollin cunnilingus advertisement; next month, in part two of this story, we'll hit ya with some leg-wettin shots of Bruce's black Pan.

That's right, bro. In case you're the literary type who goes for the words before the pictures, ya need to check out the tank on this Asford Pan. It's one nice piece (or slice) of art that'll get your mouth waterin quicker than free pizza



DRIVER

On His '61 Pan

Tech Sheet

Owner: Meat
City: Ashford, CT

General

Fabrication by: Johnny's Cycle
Year and make: 1961 H-D
Model: FL
Value: $14,000
Assembly by: Owner/Johnny's
Chroming by: Johnny's Cycle

Engine

Year: 1961
Model: Panhead
Rebuilder: Dragonman, Col.
Ignition: Battery
Displacement: Wanna race?
Lower end: S&S rods
Balancing: Dragonman
Pistons: Not stock
Cases: Stock
Heads: Dragonman
Cam(s): Hot
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): S&S Two Throat
Air Cleaner: S&S
Pipes: Upsweeps
Muffler: Fishtail

Frame

Year: 1961
Builder: H-D
Type: Wishbone
Rake: Yup
Stretch: Yup
Other Alterations: Chromed

Accessories

Bars: Pullbacks
Risers: 4 inch
Fenders: Rear: flat; Front: chromed Sporty
Headlight(s): Harley quartz
Taillight: Blue Dot
Speedo: None
Front pegs: Yes
Rear pegs: Drag Specialties
Electrics: 12v
Gas tank: Sportster
Oil tank: Wraparound
Oil system: Stock
Primary cover: Shroud over 2" Primo
Seat: Handmade
Sissybar height: 36"
Sissybar material: Steel

Transmission

Modifications: All Andrews
Year: '61
Shifting: Foot

Painting

Molding: None
Painter: Webb
Color: Copper over gold base
Type: Lacquer
Special paint: Mural by Webb

Forks

Type: Wide Glide
Extension: 10" over
Builder: H-D
Special features: Chromed

Wheels

Front wheel size: 19"
Rear wheel size: 16"
Front hub: H-D
Rear hub: H-D
Front tire: Jap
Rear tire: Jap
Front brake: Drum
Rear brake: Hurst Disc

and beer. The cunt-eatin peanut tank is 15 years old, and except for a minor chip or two, has survived the hard-ridin years in great shape. The subtle gradations in color are worthy of the Old Masters, although the subject matter would rupture their gonads.

Meat's been ridin this Pan for a few years now, but it previously belonged to Bruce, and before that it was the main ride of a mutual bro of theirs. Ya get the idea that the Ashford bros are a tightly knit bunch of bikers, and they are, knowin how to hang onto the good things in life like brotherhood—and this '61 Pan. It's been floatin back and forth in the family for years like a black sheep, but Meat says it's found a permanent home with him.

Meat got into bikes while tourin with a rock band for five years in Europe. Over there, he got into the buzzy, go fast, Jap scene and when he finally got back to the States, he was ridin a red-hot Suzuki

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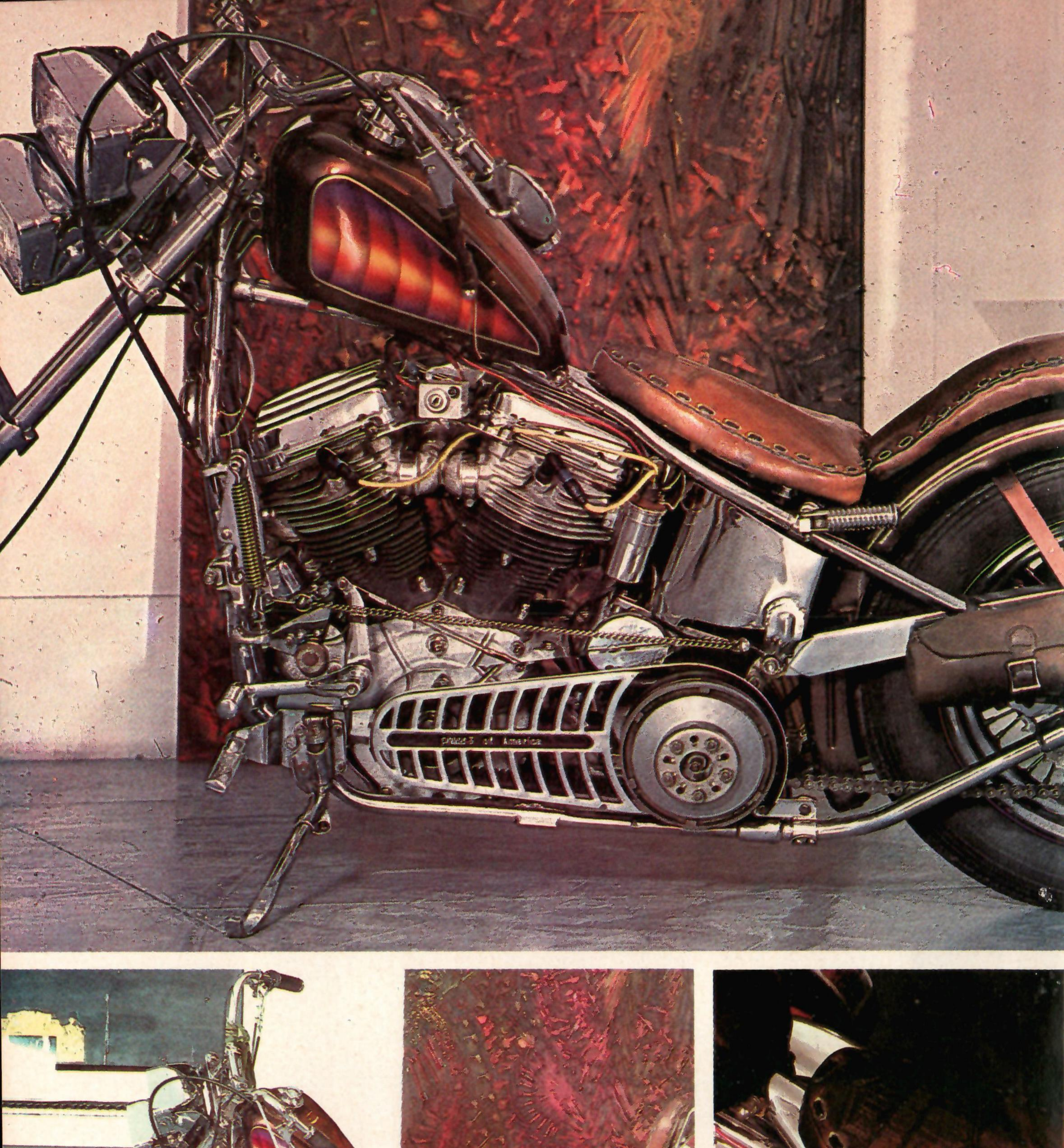
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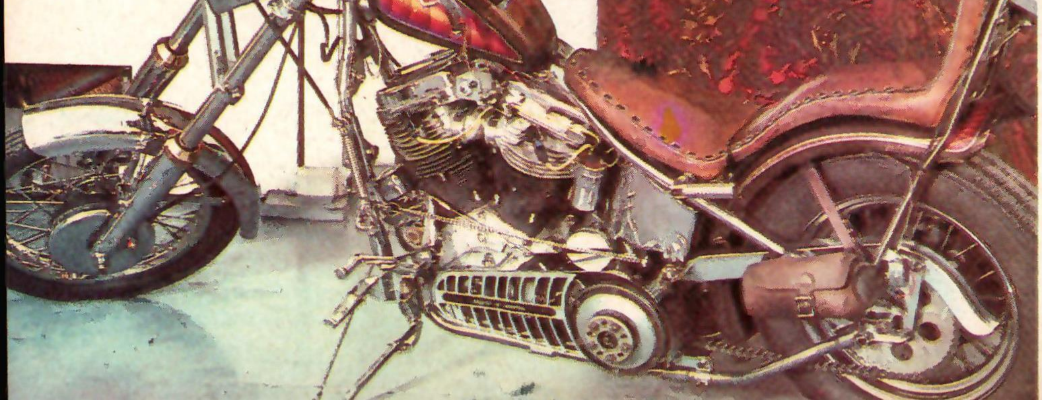

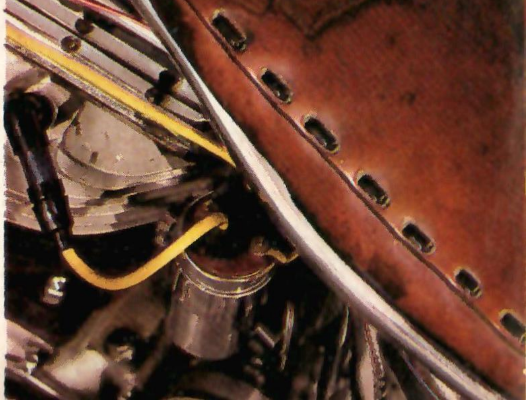

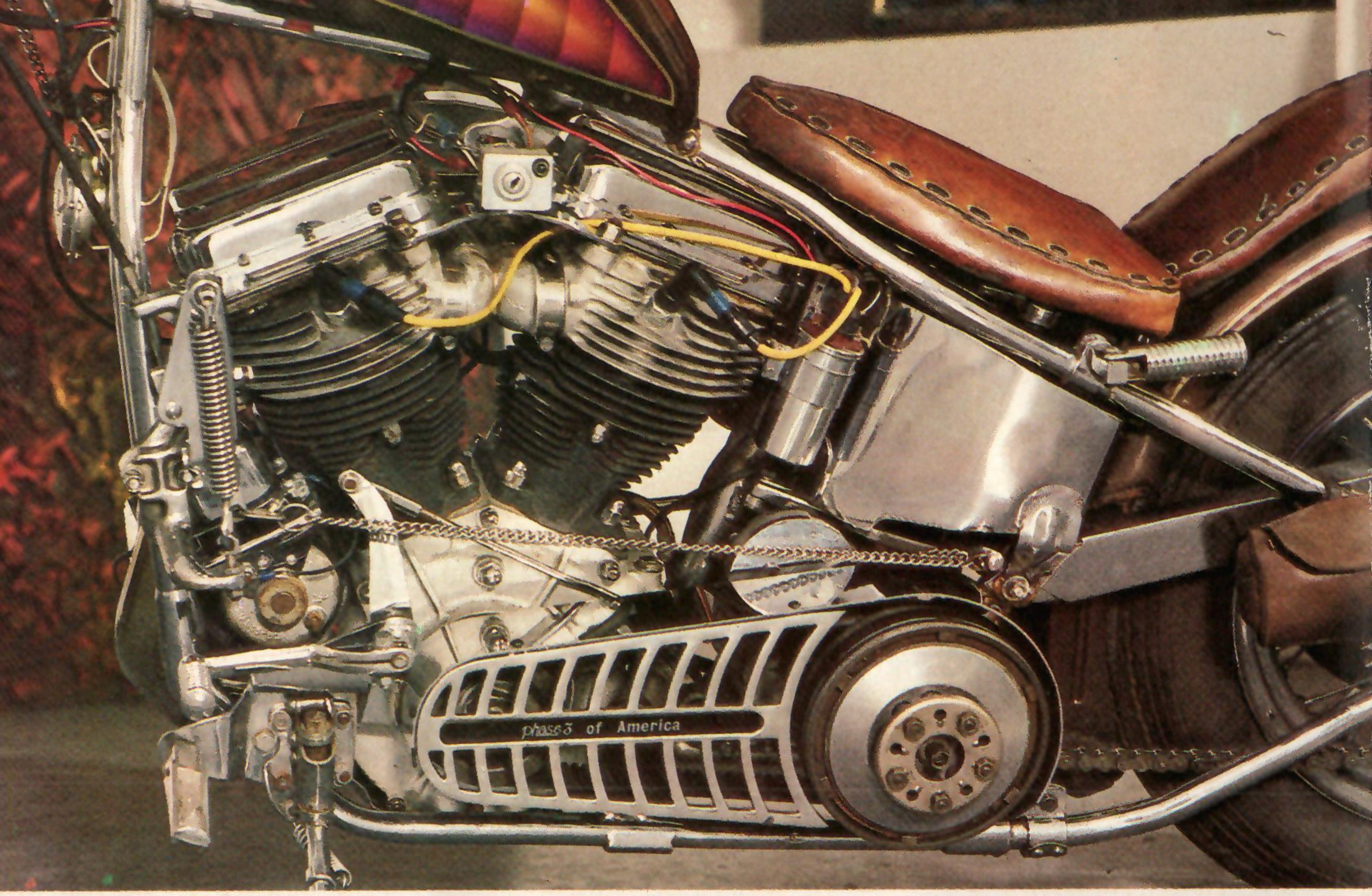
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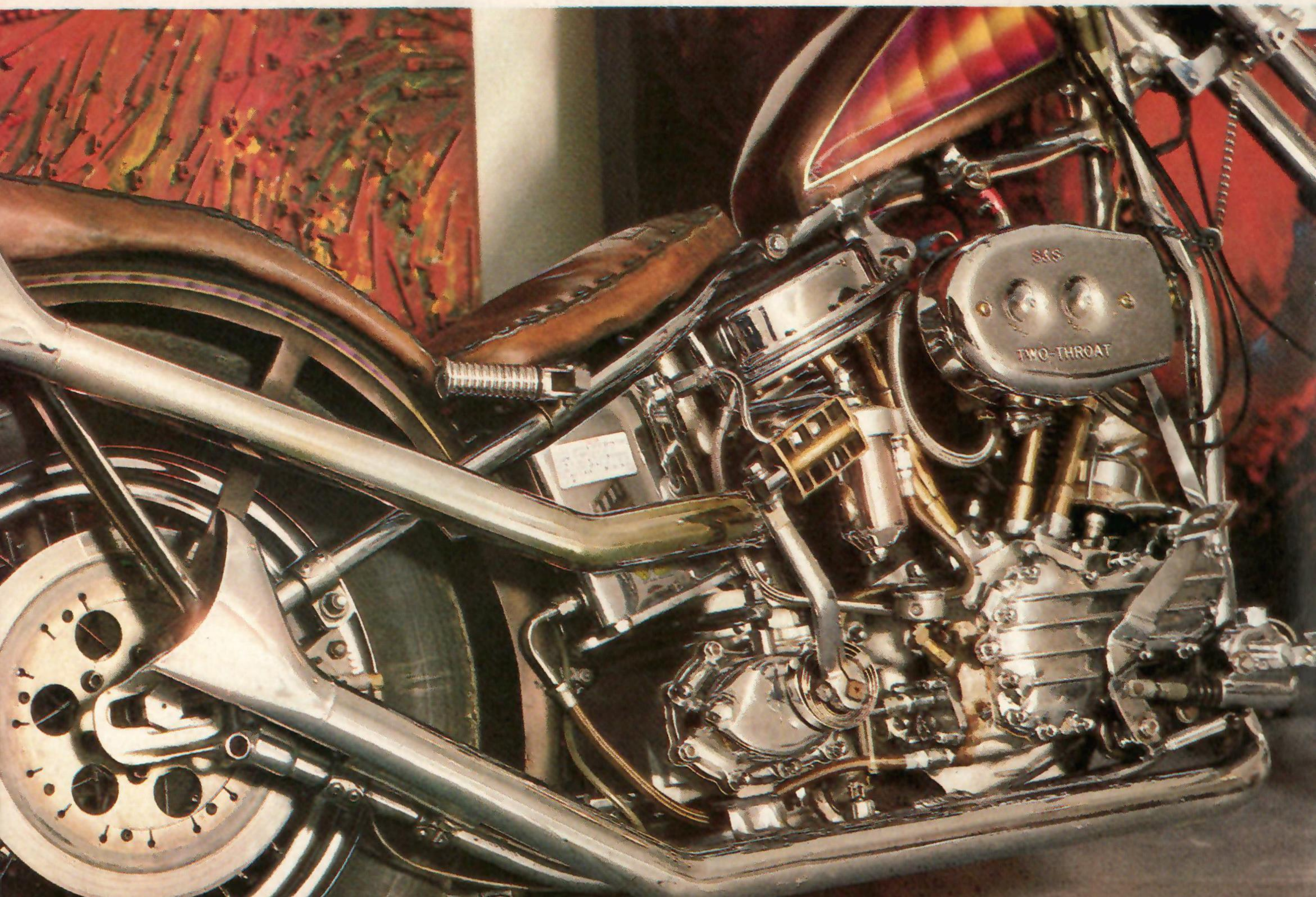
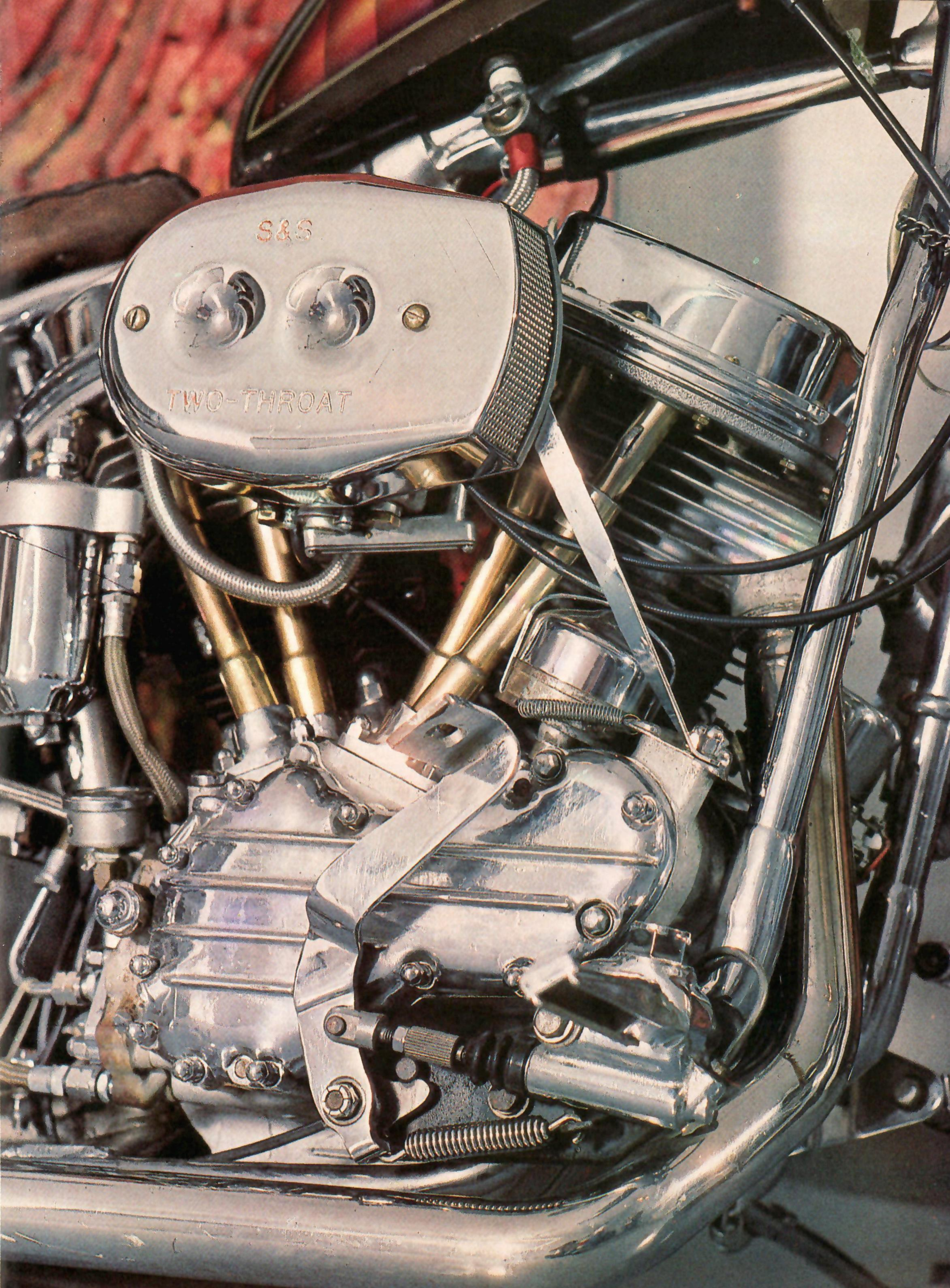

S&S
TWO-THROAT


S&S
TWO-THROAT

BIG ED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

some o' th' guys, when Mink comes in. I ain't seen Mink since he got sent up fer a year fer helpin' his old man kick th' shit outta a city pig on Main Street. Anyhow, Mink comes up an' drags a chair in an' buys a round fer th' table. Then he says:

"Old Bill Beacon's havin' a fish fry down to his cabin, an' he's got six kegs, an' all th; catfish an' sturgeon this whole fuckin' town could eat inna week."

An' we jest looked at 'im fer a second ta let 'im know we ain't completely ignorin' 'im, cause we all kinda liked Mink, 'bout as much as we liked any cager, then we jest went back ta drinkin', talkin' shit, an' givin' th' barmaid all kinds o' hell.

"An', I got two kegs, an' a half case o' Jack in my truck," says Mink. An' we all jest sorta looked at 'im, an' I tried ta get my hand up th' barmaid's dress jest ta hear her cuss an' carry on.

"They'll be a lotta people there, an' a buncha pussy." he says. "Wy'ant y'all come on down. Old Bill won't care, an' it'll be a purty good time. At least it's free booze."

Then he jest gets up an' leaves, an'd we jest sets there fer awhile an' gits totally shitfaced, an' then, cause we ain't got nuthin' else ta do, we all jumps on our scooters an' heads on down here to Old Bill's cabin. An' that's how come us ta be here, all ten o' us, an' I s'pose that's how most o' th' others come ta be here too, all forty er fifty o' 'em.

At 'bout th' time Shelly tapped me on th' shoulder an' sayin' "Loan me yore tee-shirt,Lucky." I heard th' distant rumble o' th' old Knucklehead, an' knowed I didn' want her wearin' my shirt when it got here.

"Big Ed's comin'," I said. "Best be gittin' yore own clothes on so maybe nobody gets kilt right away."

I knowed I could hear th' old Knuckle a long ways, maybe all th' way ta th' blacktop, but it was a full ten minutes er more before th' bike come inta sight 'roun th' corner, which means he was movin' awful slow, which means he was more than half blind with Booze an' Crank. Then when I seen 'im, I knowed he was really otta it. How that muther could drive that ol' Knuckle a layin' down an' passed out, I'll never figger out, but I swear an' be damned if he wasn't doin that very think, an' ya couldn' even see his eyes over th' top o' th' tank.

He come off th' dirt road, an' on down toward th' fire jest like that old Knuckle could read his mind, an' when he was twenty er thirty feet away, I seen that he wasn' gonna git stopped, but was a fixin' ta ride right on through th' fire an' on inta th' river, so I jumped fer 'im. Little Ed jumped at 'bout th' same time, an' hit 'im with a sorta flyin' tackle alongside th' head an' shoulder, an' jest sorta flung 'im off th' Knuckle, an' I caught it 'fore it hit th' fire an' laid it down as gentle as I could.

Big Ed was back on his feet, 'most as soon as he lit, an come damn near hittin' Little Ed 'fore he seen who it was, an' looked 'roun an' figgered out what he'd near done, an' why Little Ed hit 'im.

'Course we all knowed Big Ed wouldn' hit Little Ed apurpose, but we all held our breaths fer jest a minute 'til we was sure Big Ed was in his semi-right mind 'nough ta know what he was doin'. But they jest sorta stood there an' looked at one another, then kinda grinned, an' walked over ta pick th' Knuckle up off th' dirt.

Big Ed is movin' then, an' Old Bill is tryin' ta git away from 'im, but he ain't fast 'nuff, 'cause Big Ed hits 'im jest once up side th' head, an' ketches 'im 'fore he falls, an' jest sorta pitches 'im inta th' river.

Everybody called 'em "Big Ed" an' "Little Ed" ta tell 'em apart. Little Ed was Big Ed's nephew. That is Little Ed's old man an' Big Ed was brothers. Anyway, they called 'em Big Ed an' Little Ed in th' family to tell th' difference 'tween th' two, an' it jest kinda spread to th' rest o' us. Now Big Ed was more than forty years old, an' Little Ed was in his twenties, an' Big Ed was maybe five feet nine, an' Little Ed was maybe six an' a half feet tall. Big Ed was built like a bull, while Little Ed wasn' near as broad. They both had blond hair an' blue eyes. Big Ed didn' have any grey hair, even if he was over forty.

Some o' us can remember Big Ed packin' Little Ed on th' ol' Knuckle when Little Ed couldn' been more'n six er seven years old. Little Ed told me once that when they'd see Big Ed comin' slouched down on his bike, his parents would hide 'im an' tell Big Ed he was gone somewhere. then Big Ed'd tear through th' house 'til he found 'im, an' take 'im ridin'. Now you could sometimes maybe see Big Ed packin' Little Ed, or Little Ed packin' Big Ed. Nobody never seen Big Ed a packin' with nobody but Big Ed. 'Course ya didn' see either one o' 'em packin but once in a great long while. Usually their bikes was side by side, by theirselves, er at the' head o' th' pack.

Little Ed's got a ol' lady, but ya never saw 'im packin' her. He ain't had her but not quite a year. Him an' Big Ed took off once an' didn' come home fer more'n a week, 'an when th' ol' lady said somethin' Little Ed jest throwed her out. Now she don't never say nuthin' 'bout 'im runnin with Big Ed.

Big Ed ain't got no reg'lar old lady. Somebody said he had one once, an' she had a kid an' Big Ed took one look at th' kid an' said it wasn' his, 'cause no boy o' his could look like that. He ain't never seen neither one o' 'em again. Big Ed lives in a log cabin he build away back off th' road on th' river bank. Big Ed don't own th' land th' cabin's on, but nobody got th' balls ta tell 'im ta git off. Nobody don't never go ta Big Ed's cabin, 'cause Big Ed don't want nobody comin' ta his cabin.

Big Ed taught Little Ed ta fight, an' everybody said it took ten good men ta whup 'em. Big Ed could whup six an' Little Ed could whup three. But they said ten good men could whup 'em. I never seen nobody try. I know that they ain't neither one o' 'em 'fraid o' nobody nor nuthin'. I seen Big Ed take a forty-five outta this big idjit's hand once, an' like ta beat th' motherfucker ta death with it, after th' big idjit drawed it on 'em. Jest walked right up an' grabbed th' barrel 'an took it away from 'im. Big Ed thought he had kilt th' idjit, which is why he quit beatin' 'im an' went back ta drinkin' his beer.

People say Big Ed is got brain damage, which is why he's so crazy an' ain't 'fraid o' th' devil hisself.Some say he took a bullet in th' head in Nam, an' his head is so hard it deflected th' bullet from th' center o' th' brain so that it only tore th' protective coverin' on th' brain, 'stead o' hittin' th' brain itself. Others say th' bullet went inta th' brain, an' is still there. Ya jest cain't kill Big Ed. Some say a big piece o' splitface rock fell on 'im in th' quarry an' busted his head all ta hell, an' when they got 'im ta th' hospital he jest tried to git up an' walk

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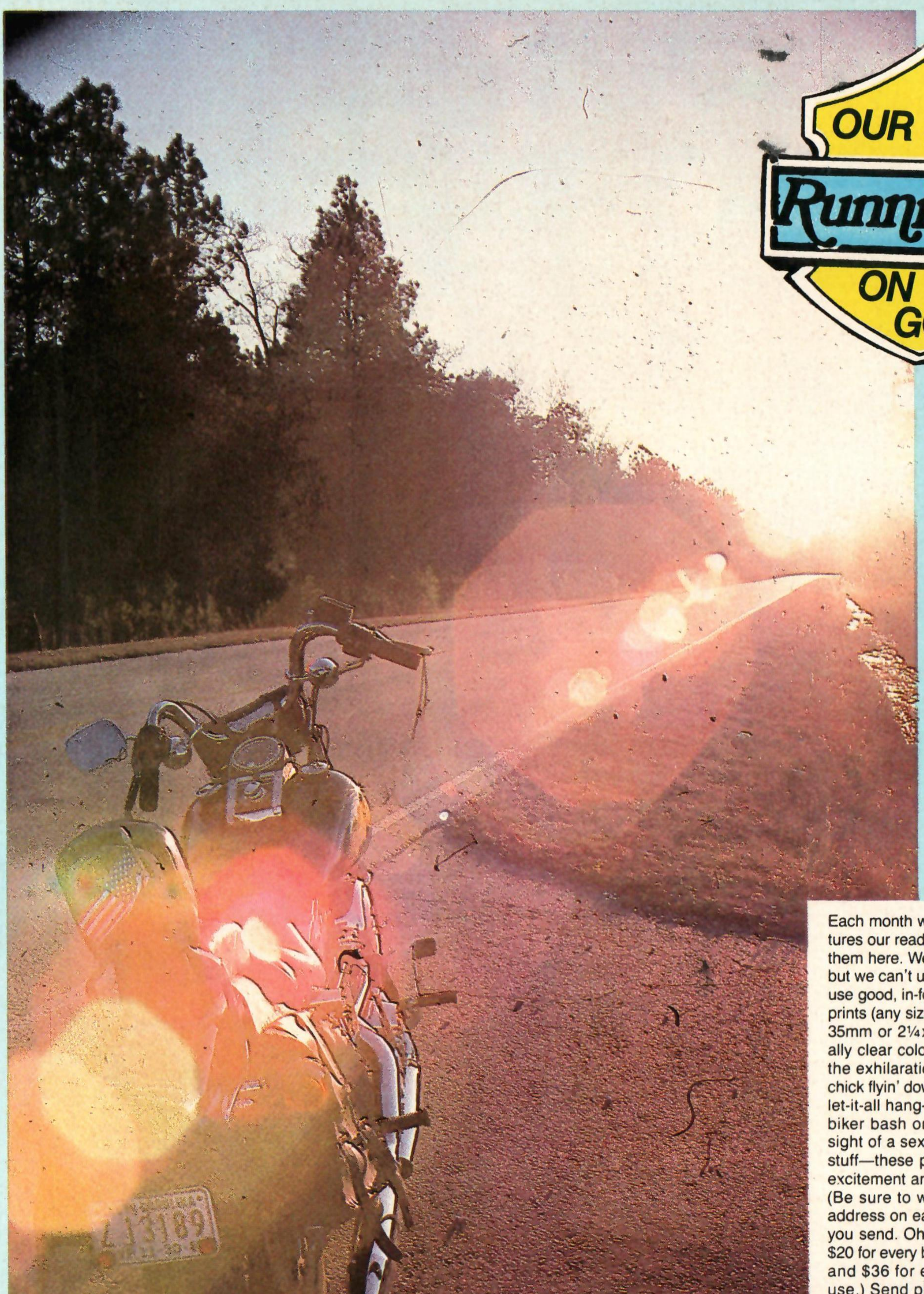
OUR BROS
Runnin' Free
ON THE GO



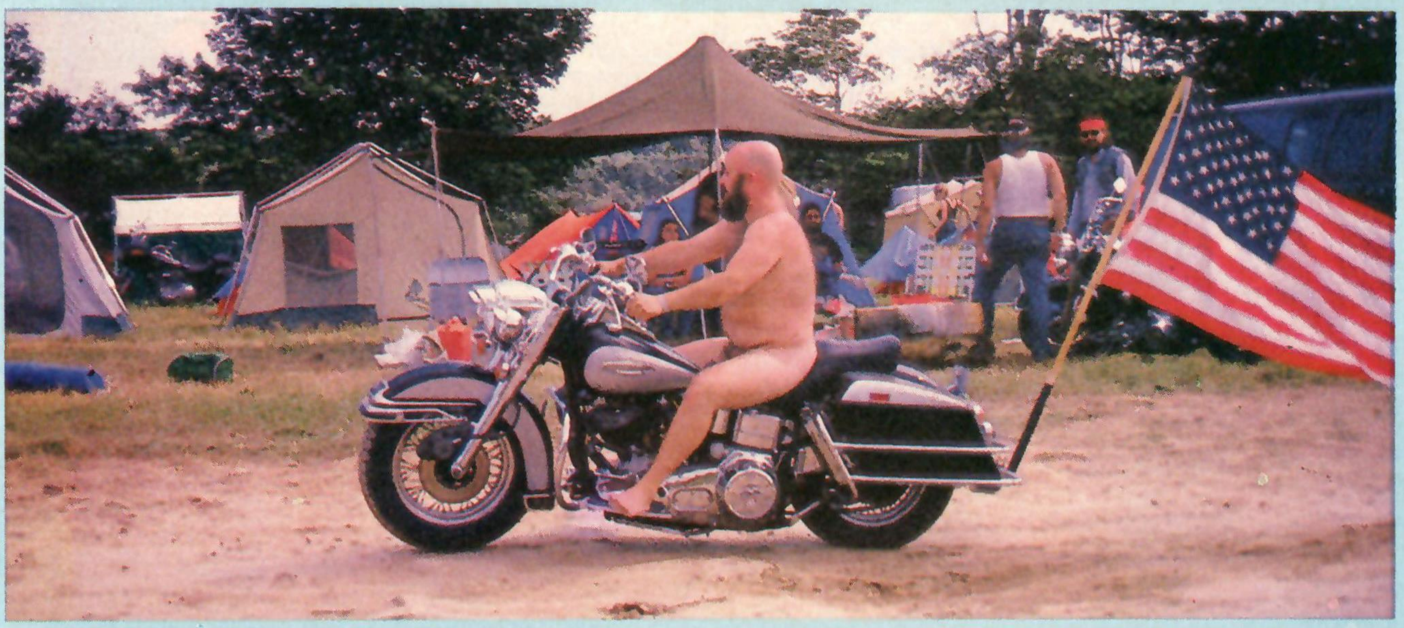
Refracted glory.—"The Breeze," Charleston, SC

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼), and exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah—we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo and \$36 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10116.

Seatcovers o parade.—Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY

Too-fuckinlong, too-fuckin-uptown, too-fuckin-much!—Thomas Warren, Salisbury, NC

How the throne got toppled.—Lickem, Copenhagen, NY



Bro Godiva, go-go drivah.—De Haylor, Chittenango, NY

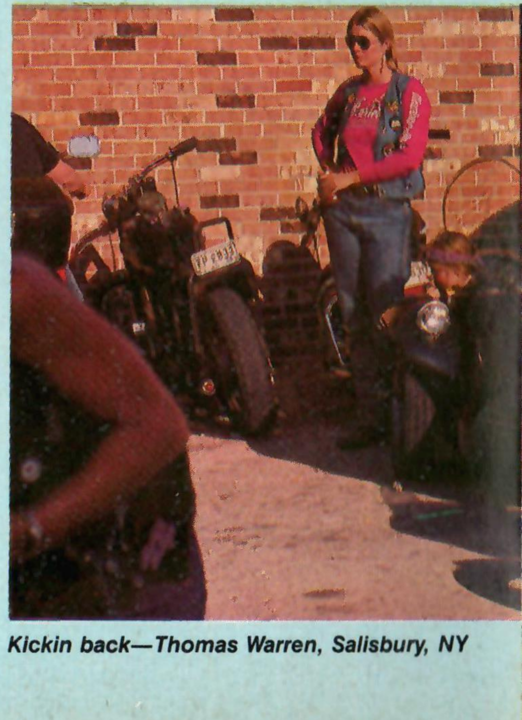
Like I tole ya, I starts on the tenth kick.—Lee Castle, Milan, MI

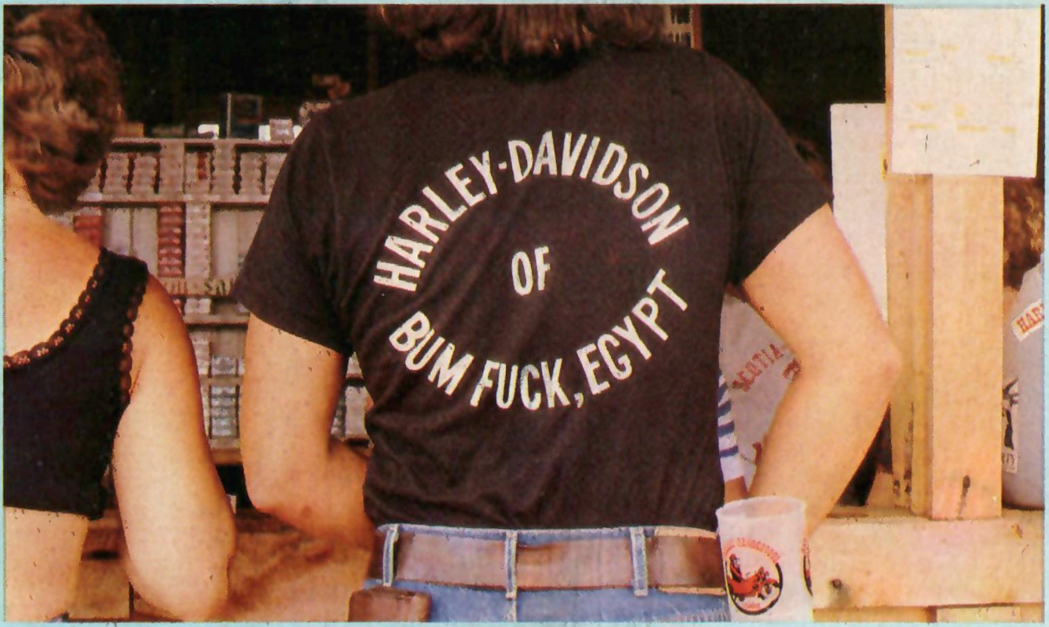
SHOW US TITS + ASS
SHOW US COCK

"....'an you dudes kin show us yer brains!"—Lickem, Copenhagen, NY

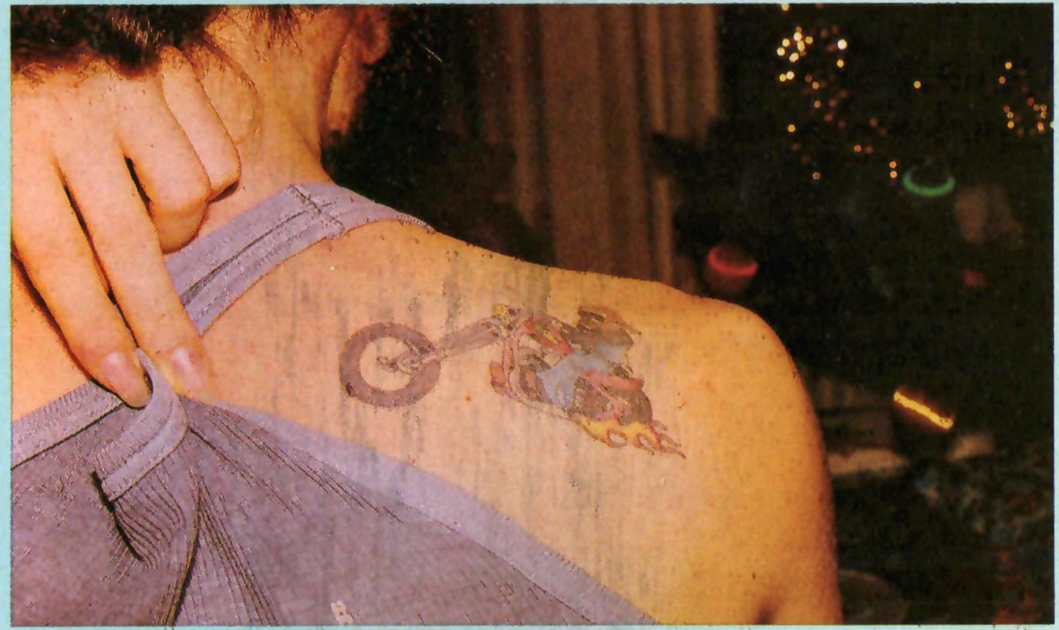
Slimebucket vs. Grimesucker—Dentine, Lake Perry, Kansas

Porcelain party—Dentine, Lansing, MI

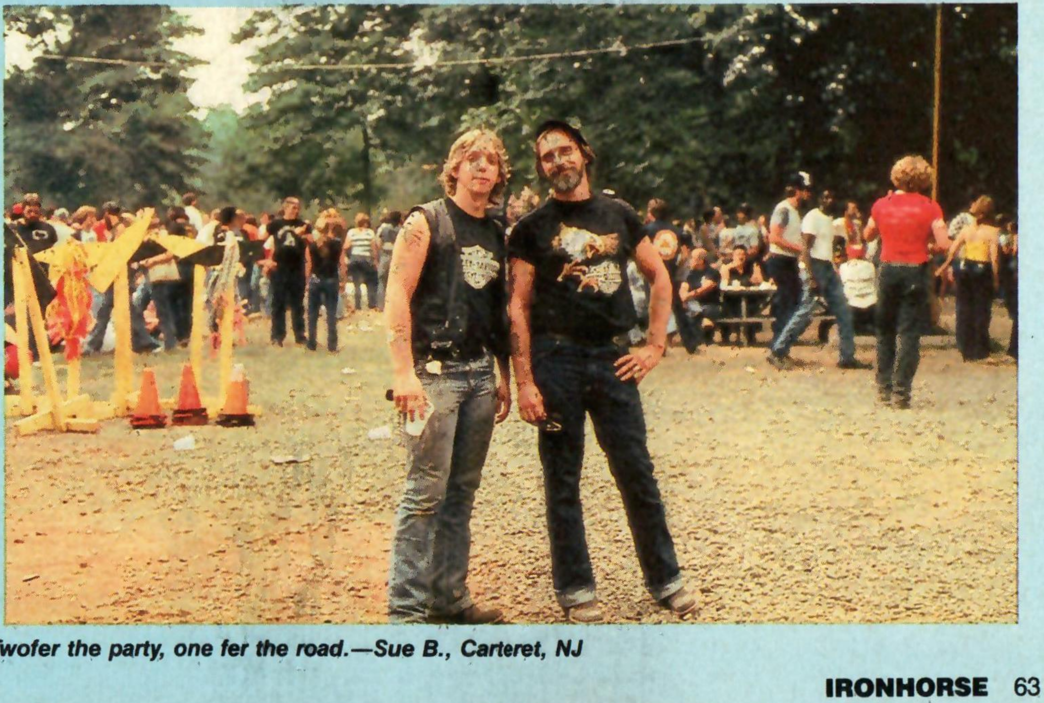

Kickin back—Thomas Warren, Salisbury, NY


HARLEY-DAVIDSON
OF
BUM FUCK, EGYPT

"Yeah, an' I'm King Putt!"—Lickem, Copenhagen, NY

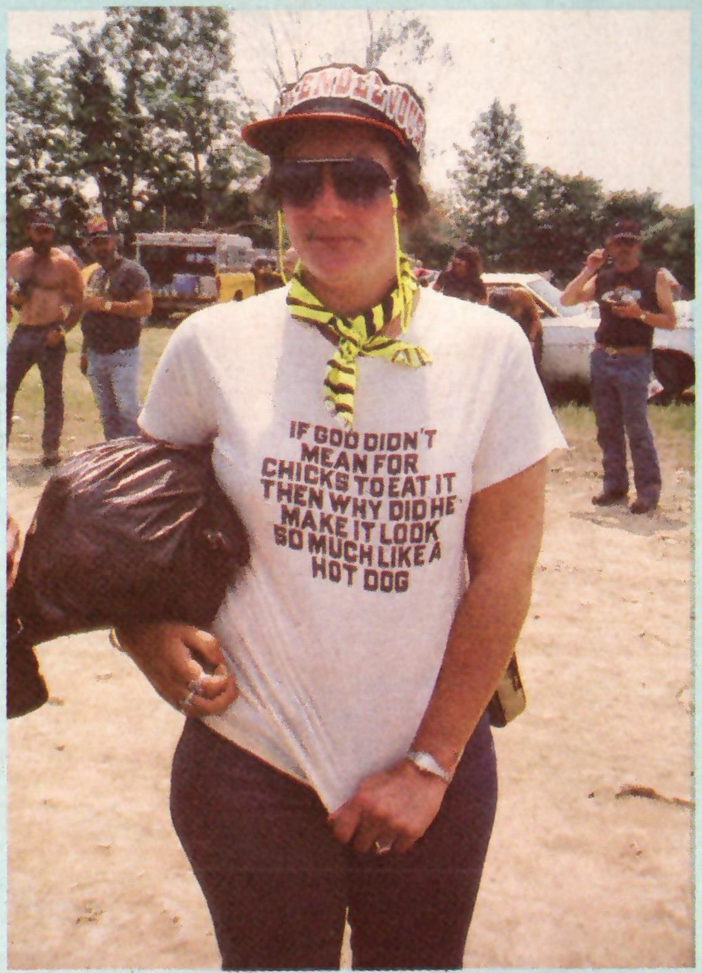


Mouse with a chop on her shoulder.—Dentine, Lansing, MI



Twofer the party, one fer the road.—Sue B., Carteret, NJ

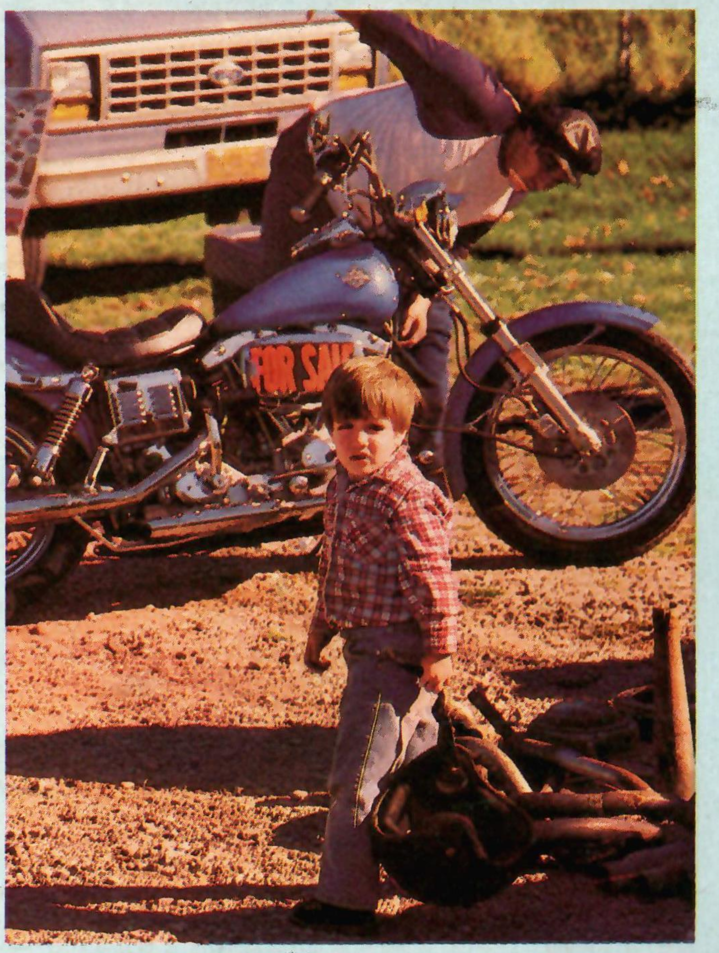
Fatbobs on a fatbob—Lickem, Copenhagen, NY


IF GOD DIDN'T MEAN FOR CHICKS TO EAT IT THEN WHY DID HE MAKE IT LOOK SO MUCH LIKE A HOT DOG

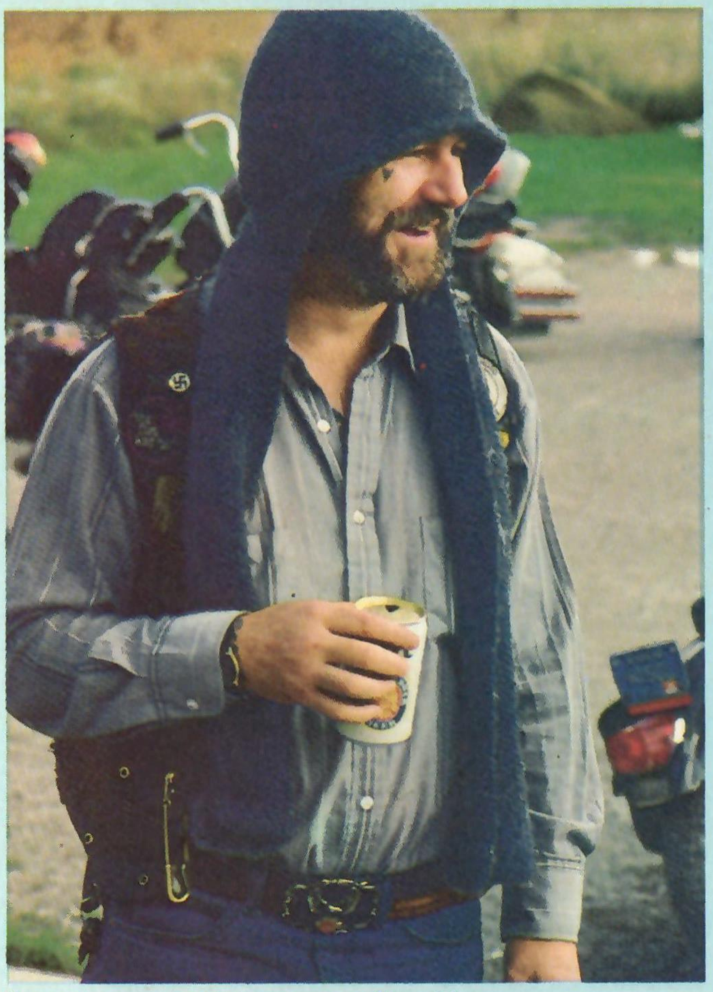
"Hope she'll like mine between her buns."—Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY

An' then he stuck his head up her wazoo.

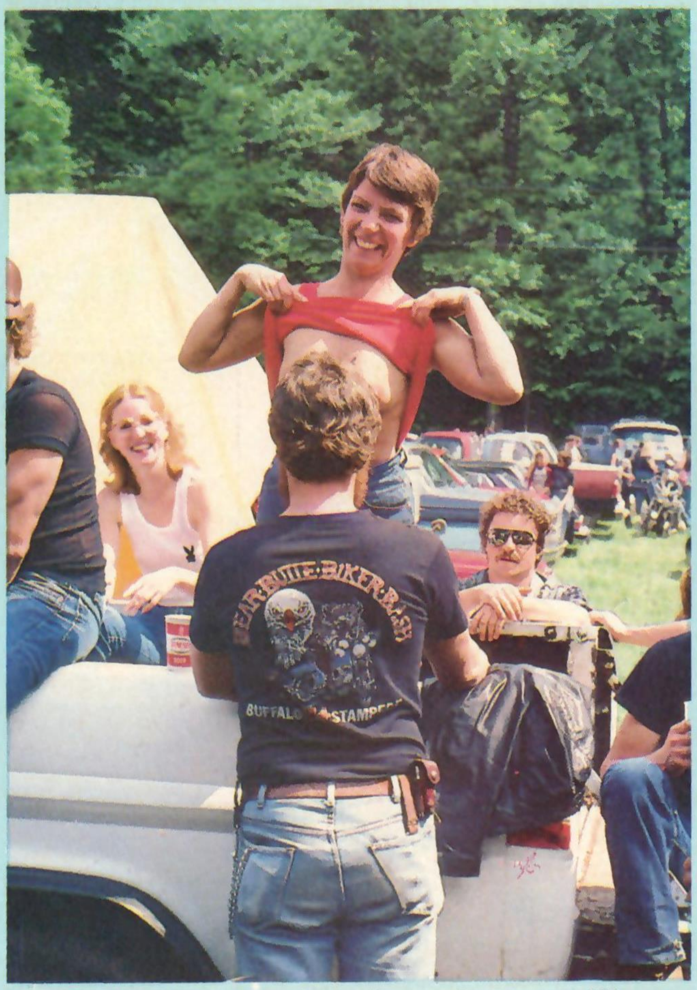
—Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY



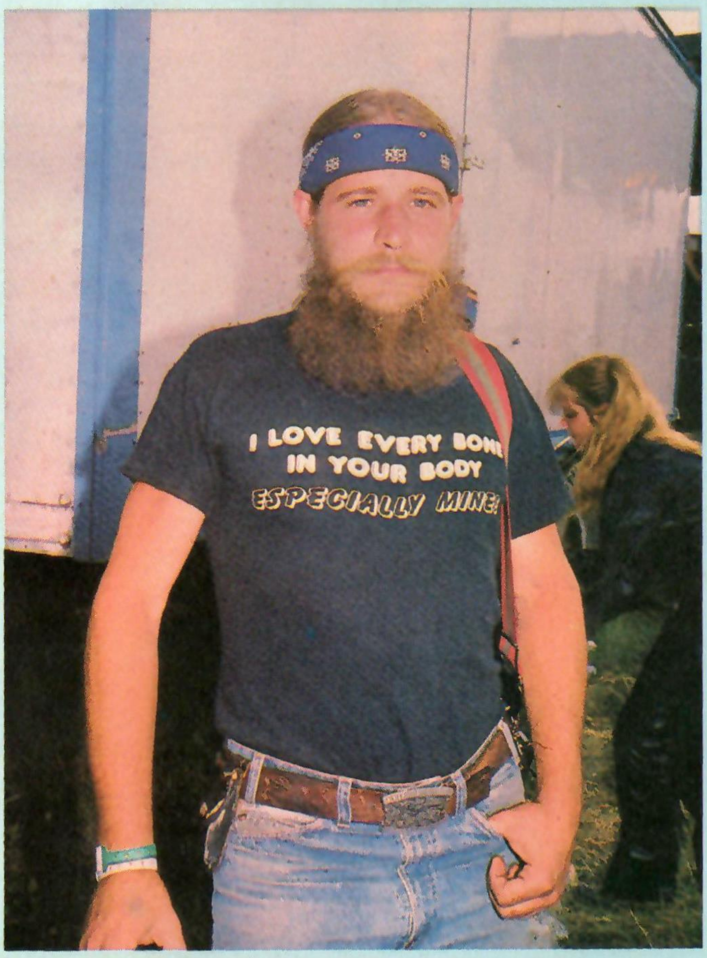
Wizard (BotW), Pittsburgh, PA



"It's a shawl, y'awl."—Lee Castle, Milan, MI


BUFFALO STAMPEDE

"Feedin' time fer the animules."—Casper, Canaseraga, NY


I LOVE EVERY BONE
IN YOUR BODY
ESPECIALLY MINE

Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY

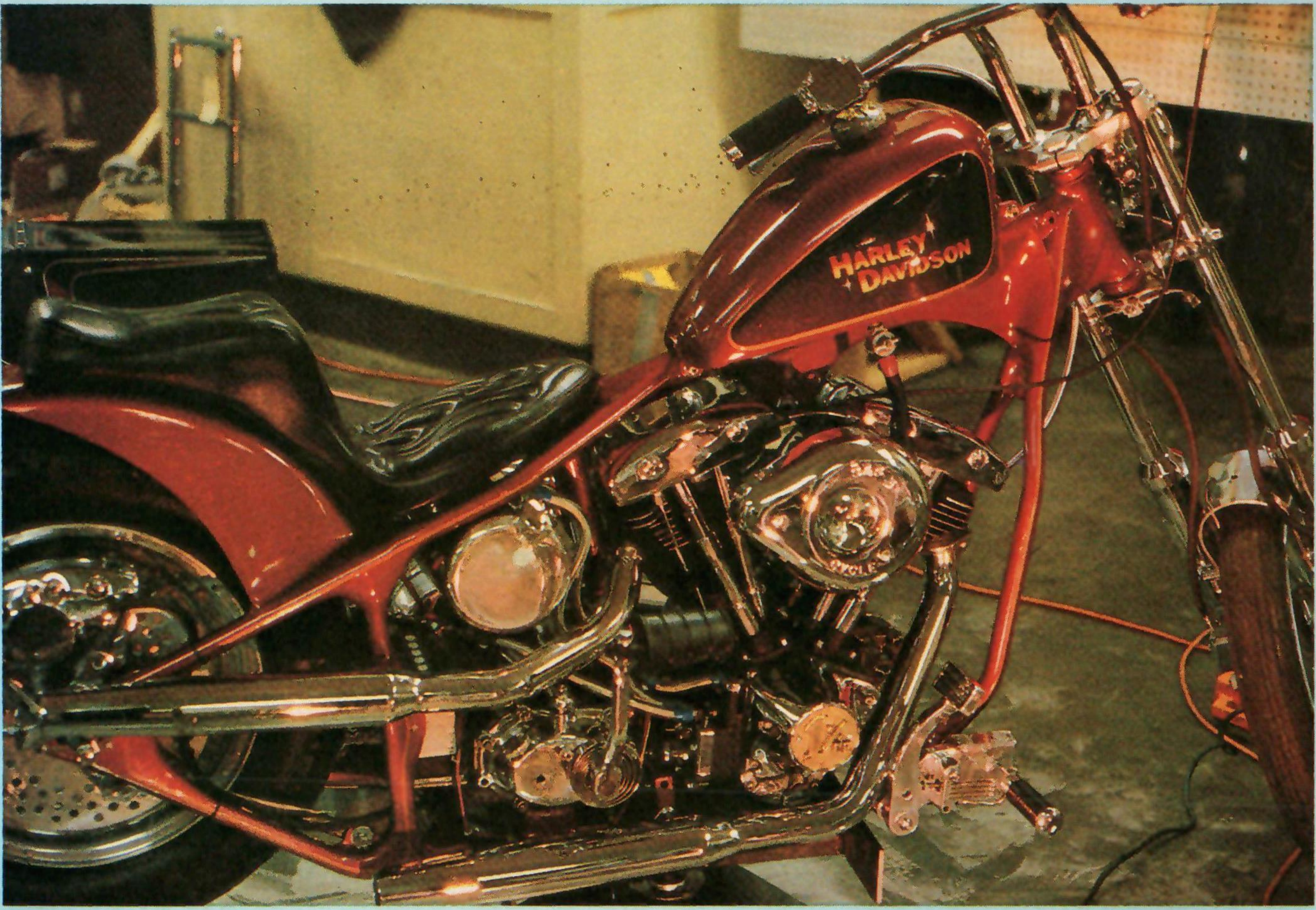
Mac attack.—Lee Castle, Milan, MI

M. Liscum, Copenhagen, NY

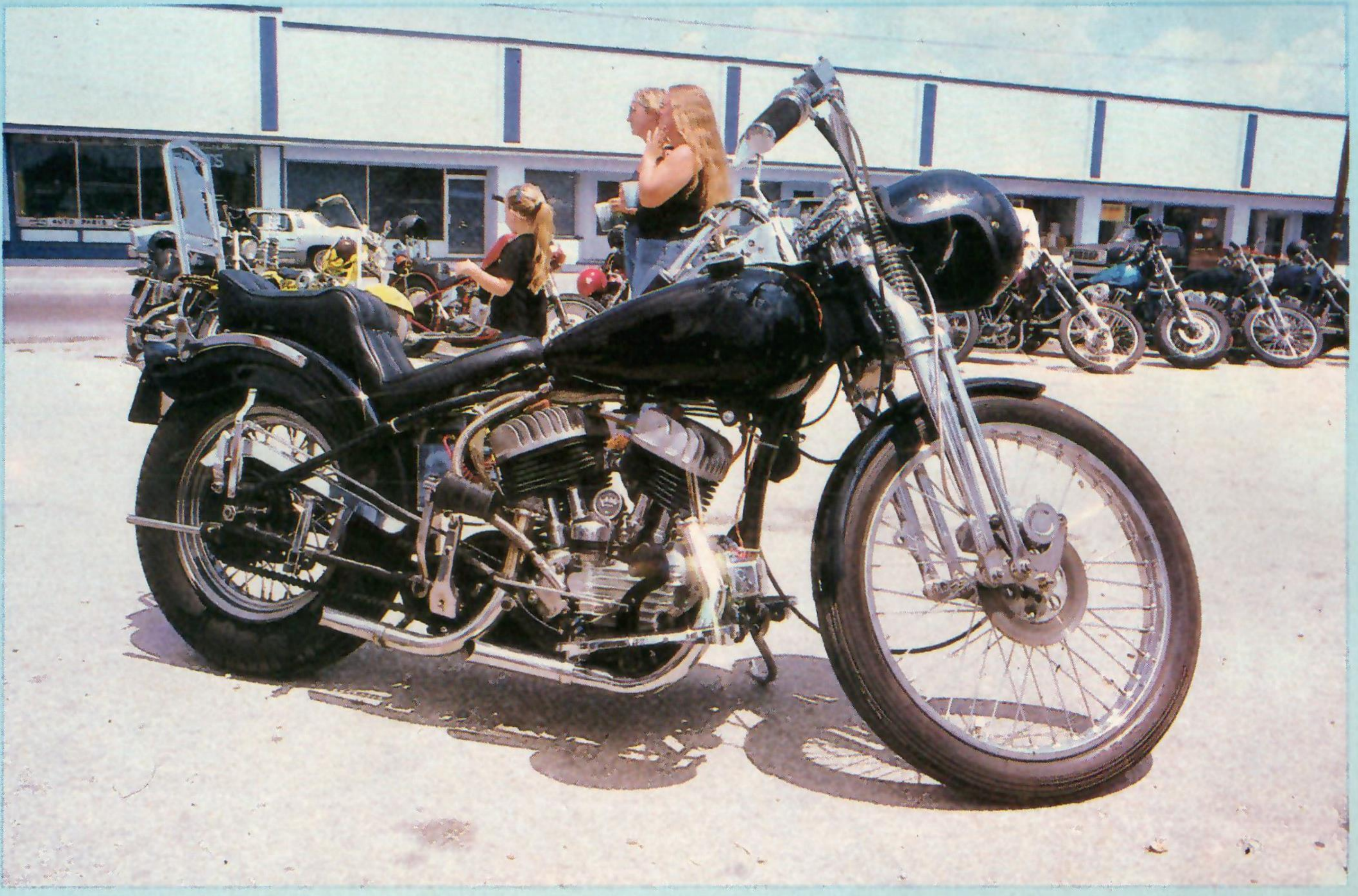
M. Liscum, Copenhagen, NY

M. Liscum, Copenhagen, NY

Nick Javarone, Gloversville, NY


HARLEY DAVIDSON

T. Wills, High Ridge, MO



Loudmouth Ralph, Ft. Myers, FL

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Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY

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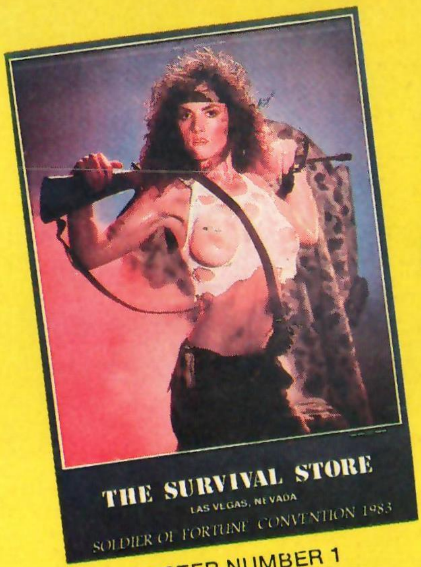
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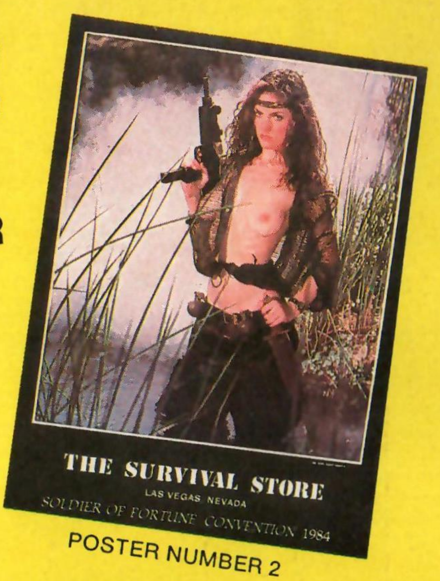
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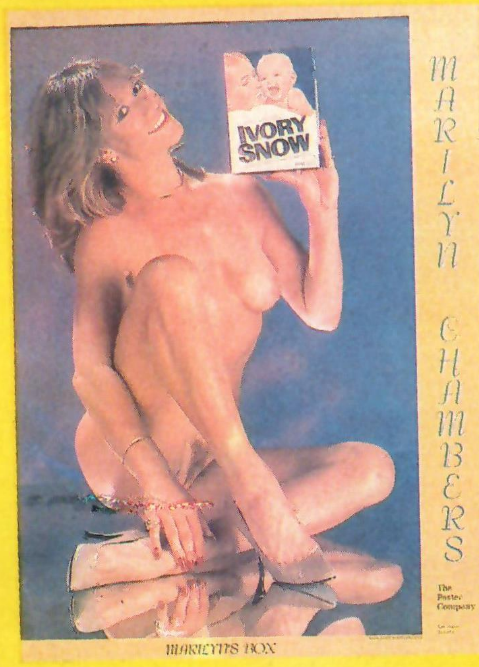
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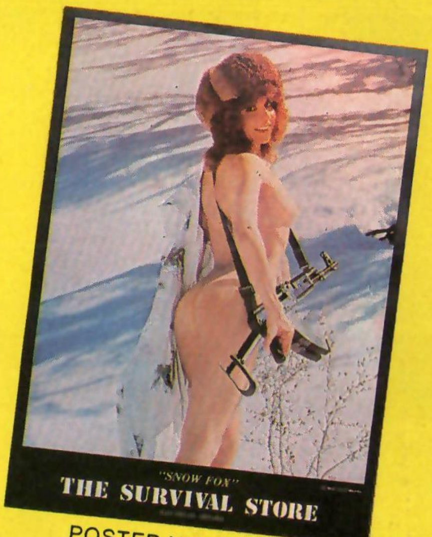
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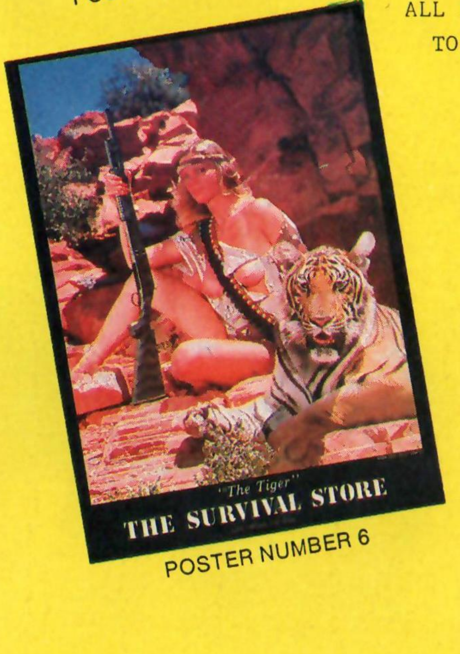
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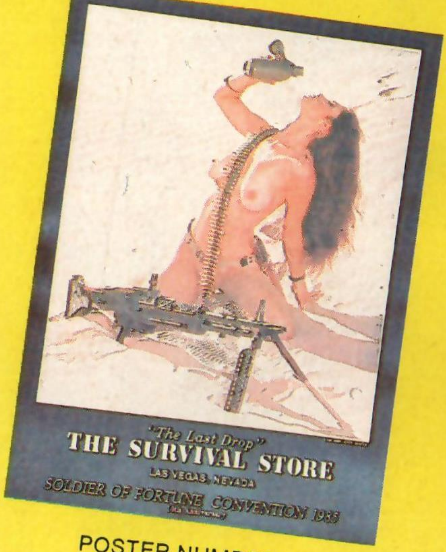
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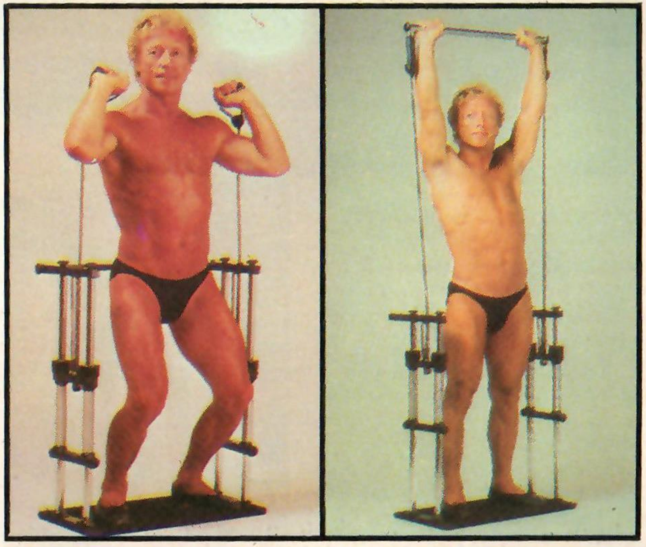

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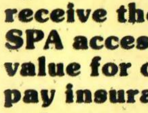

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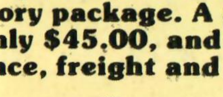

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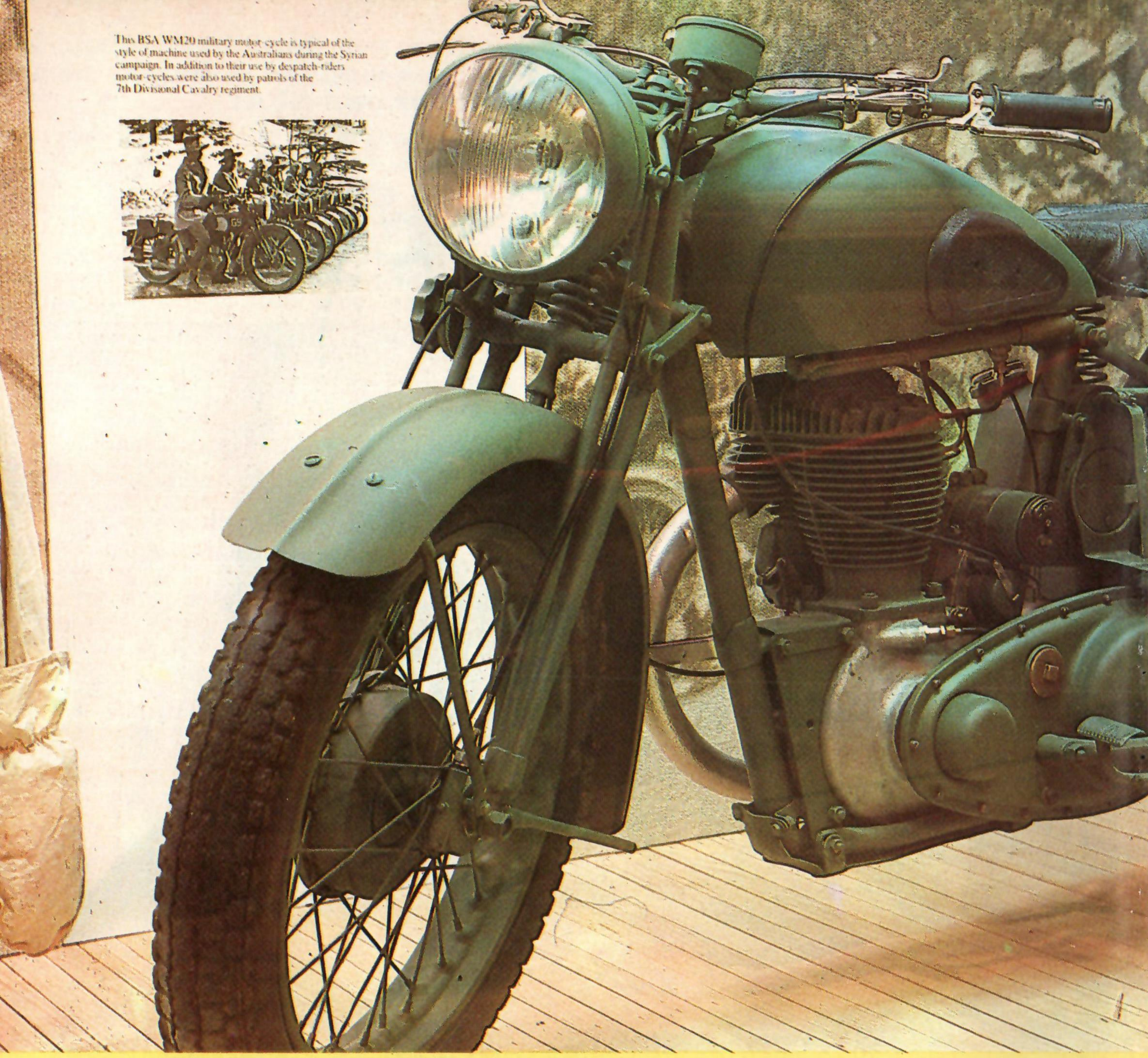
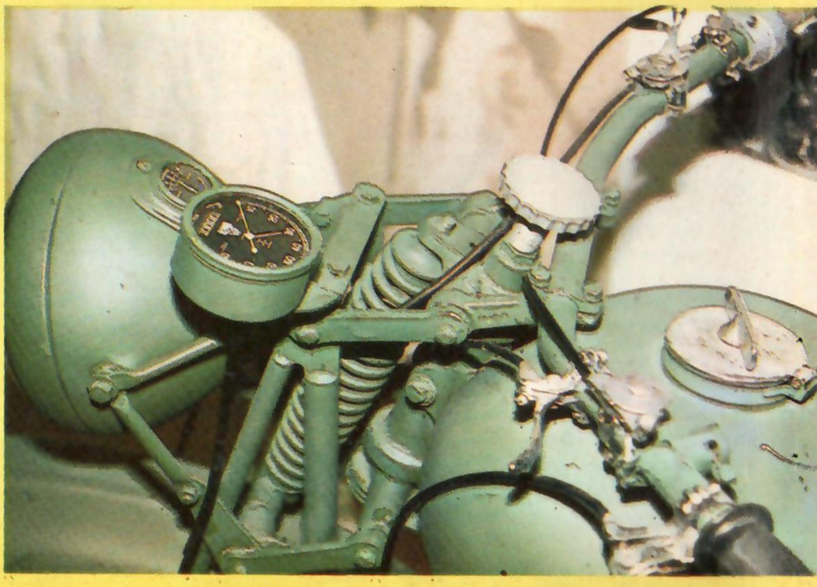
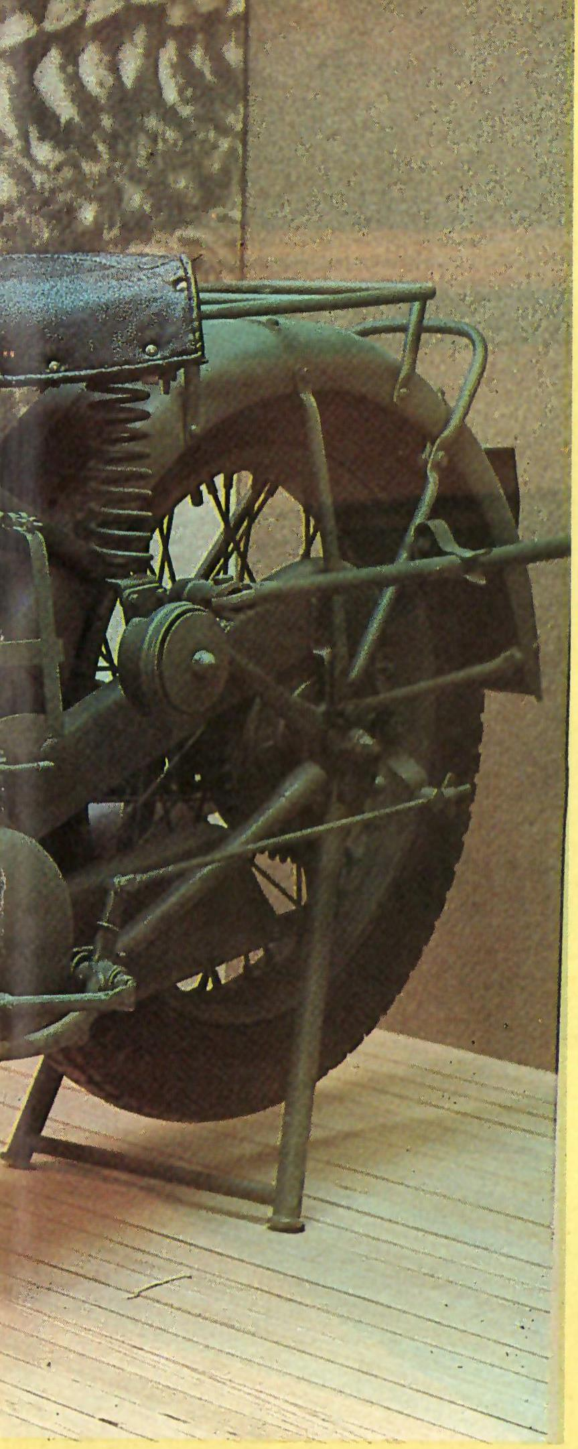
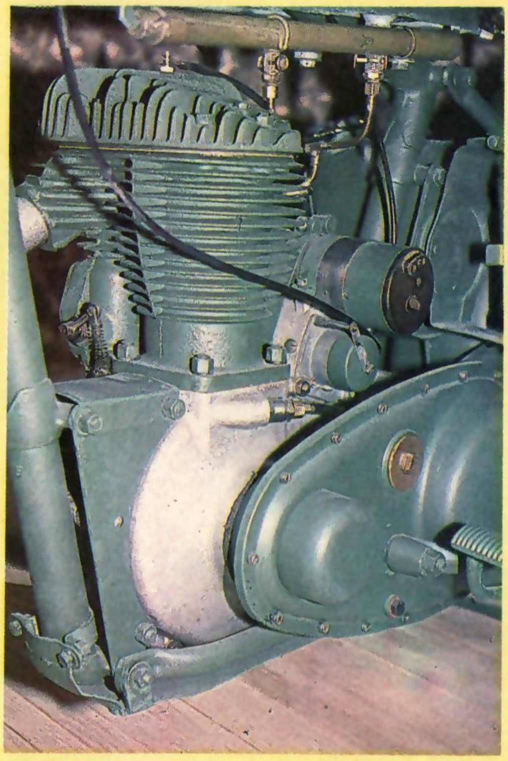


This BSA WM20 military motor-cycle is typical of the style of machine used by the Australians during the Syrian campaign. In addition to their use by despatch-riders motor-cycles were also used by patrols of the 7th Divisional Cavalry regiment.



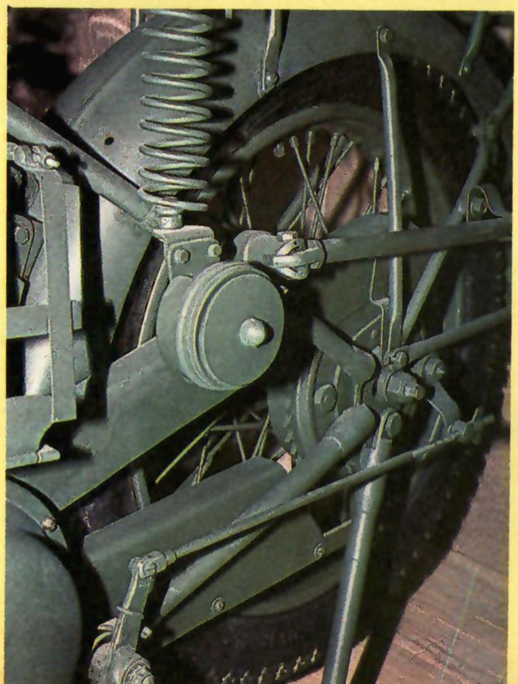


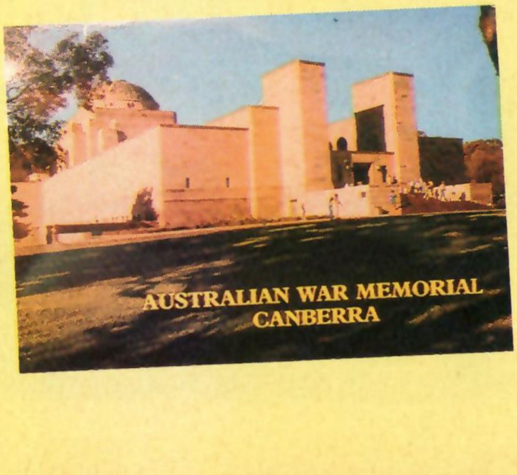
War Horses



BSA WM20

This BSA WM20 military motorcycle is typical of the style of machine used by the Australians during the Syrian campaign of WW II. In addition to their use by dispatch riders motorcycles were also used by patrols of the 7th Divisional Calvary Regiment.

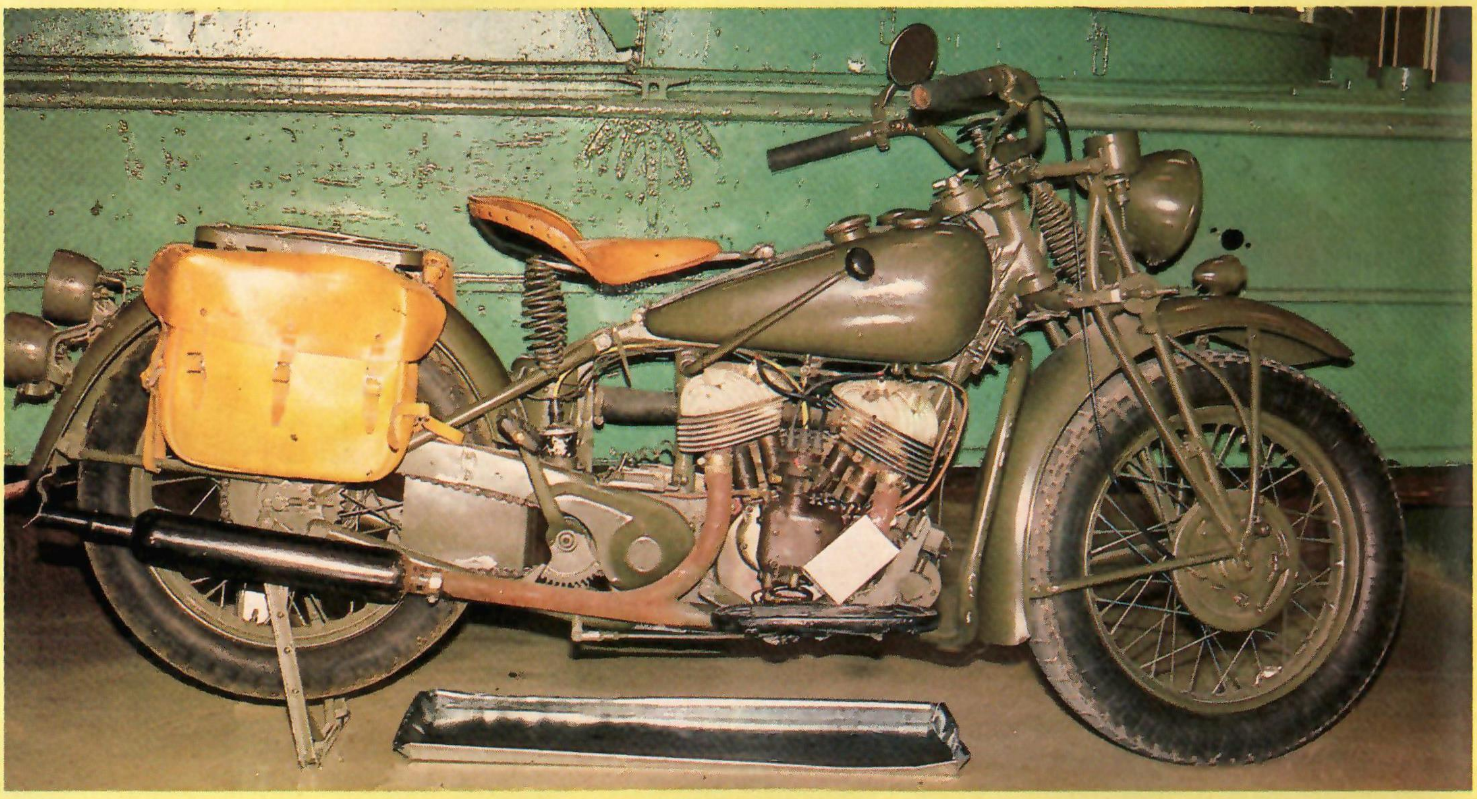




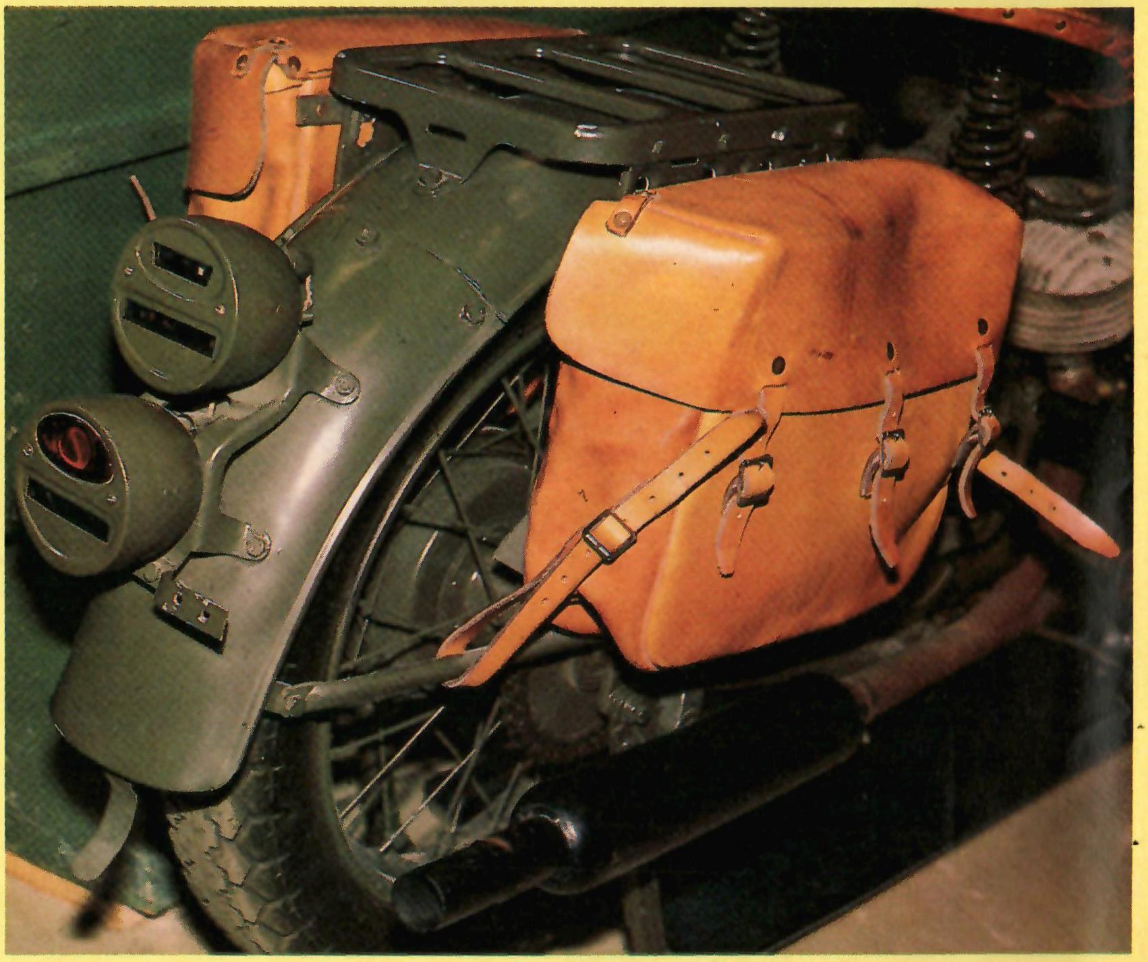
Located in Canberra, the Australian War Museum has put three old war horses out to pasture. But they're not past their prime; the museum guards pointed out that all three bikes are ready to start!

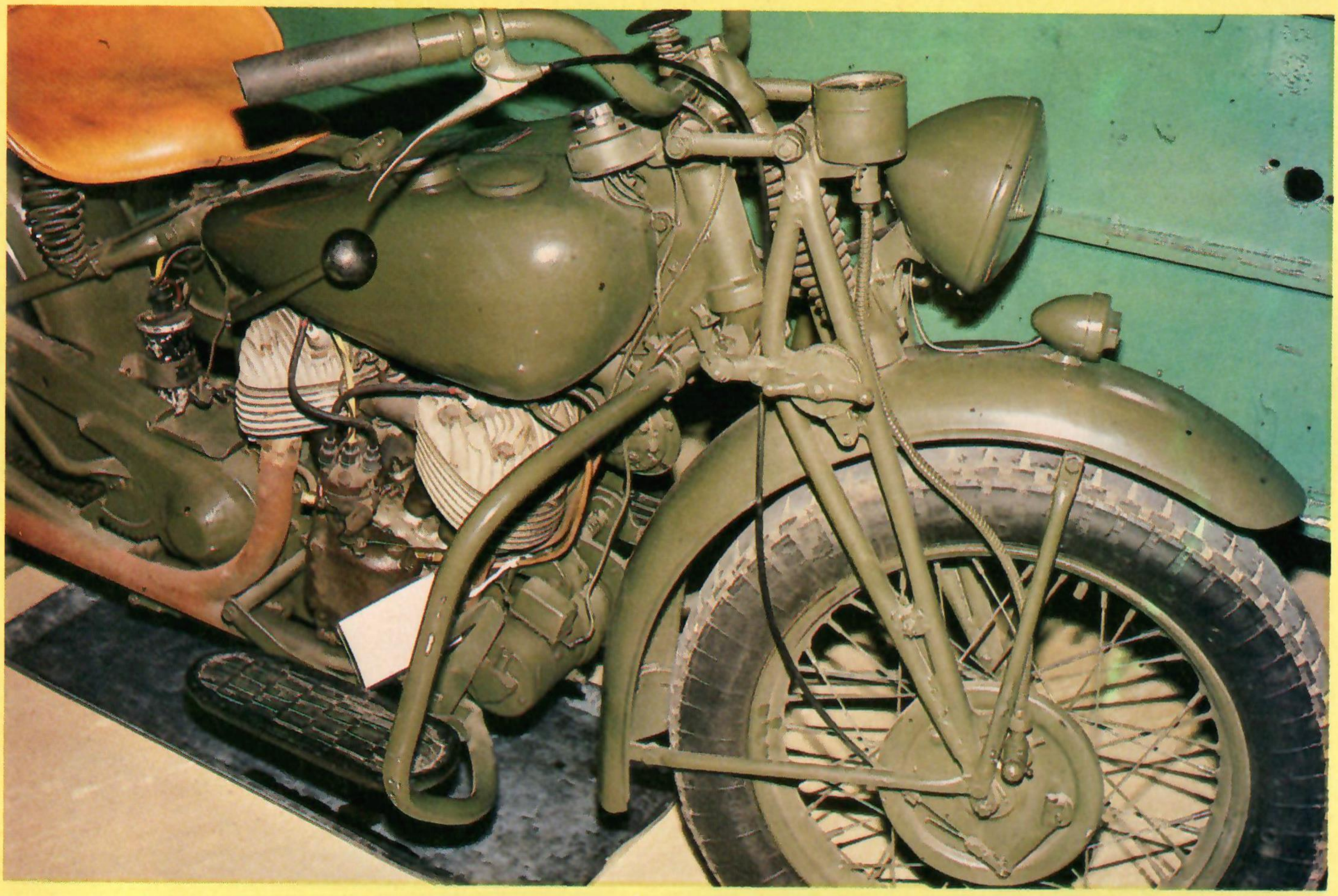
Photos By Danger Brown

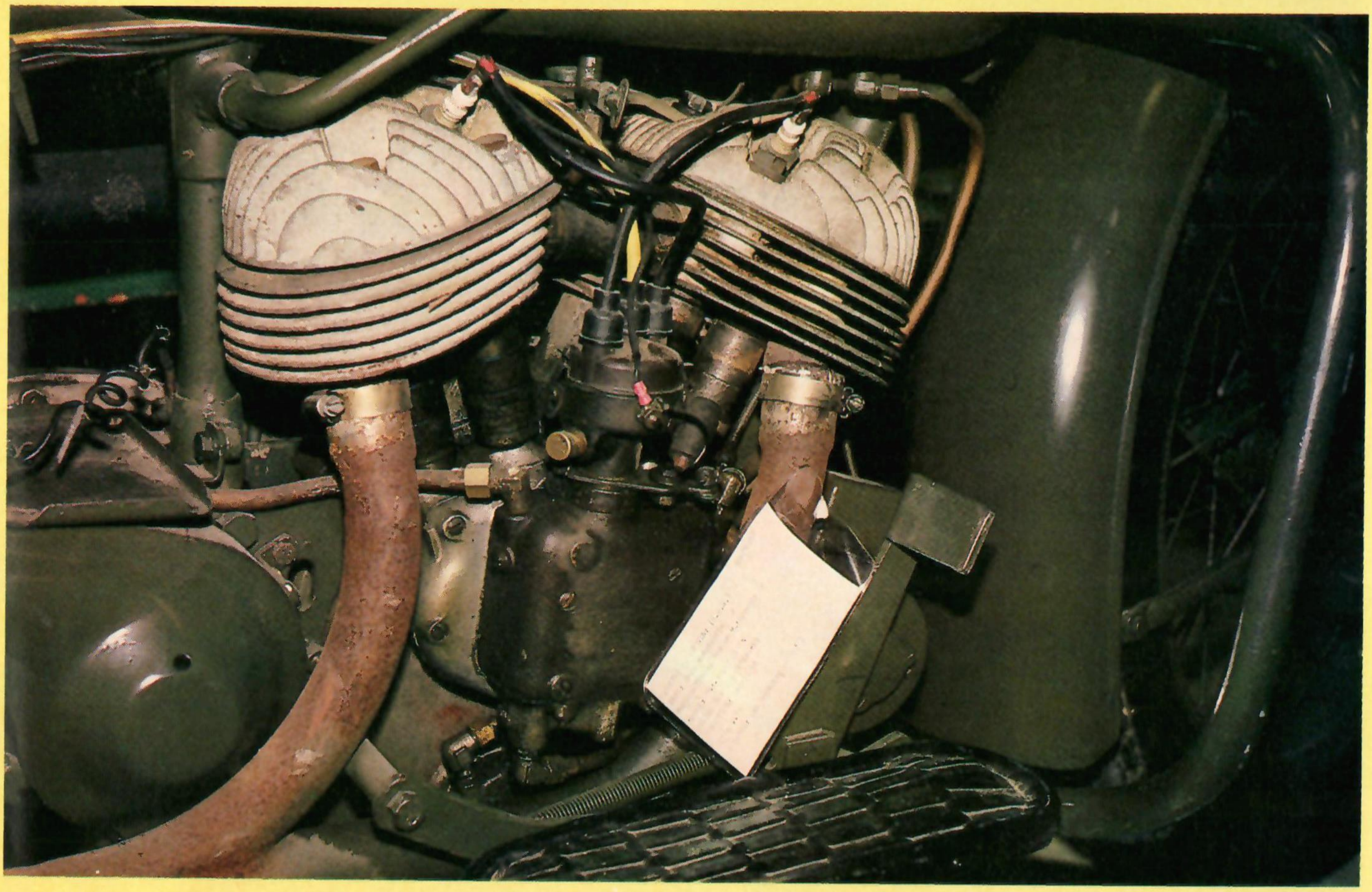
INDIAN SCOUT



Country of Origin: USA
Type: Solo Motorcycle
Manufacturer: Indian Motorcycle Co.
Serial No: GDA 2567 (sump)
Condition: Excellent
Date; WWII

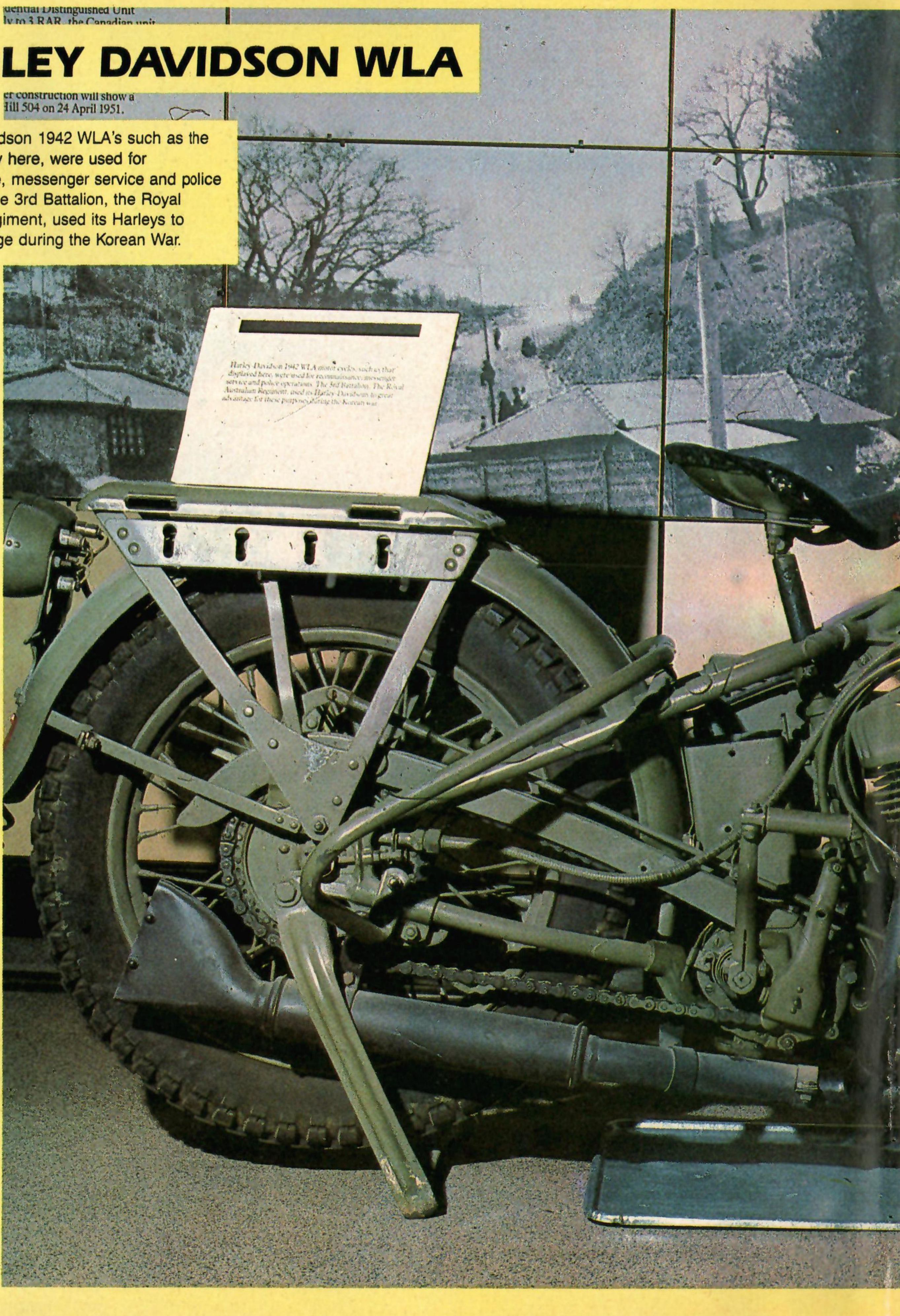






HARLEY DAVIDSON WLA

Harley Davidson 1942 WLA's such as the one on display here, were used for reconnaisance, messenger service and police operations. The 3rd Battalion, the Royal Australian Regiment, used its Harleys to great advantage during the Korean War.


idential Distinguished Unit
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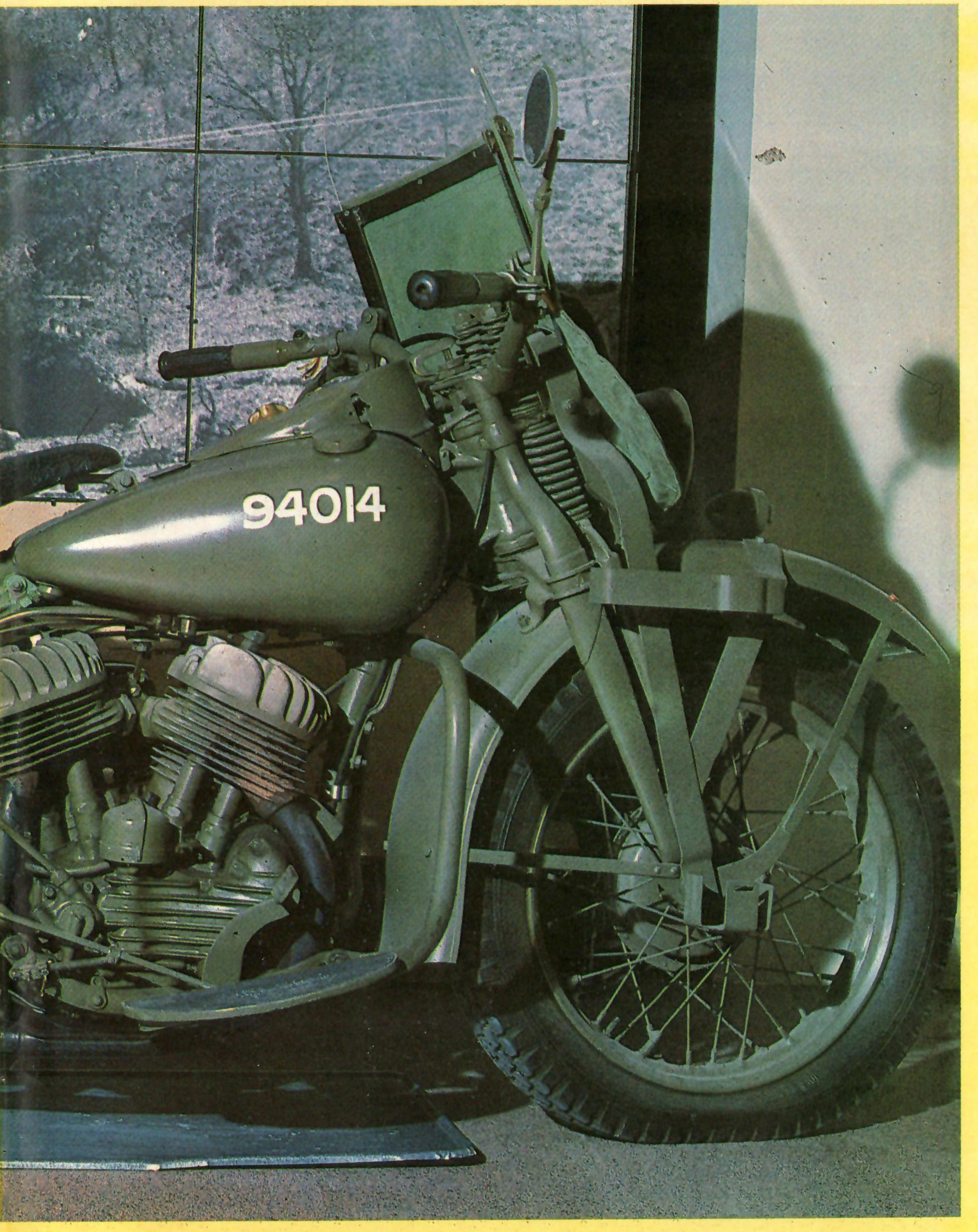
er construction will show a
Hill 504 on 24 April 1951.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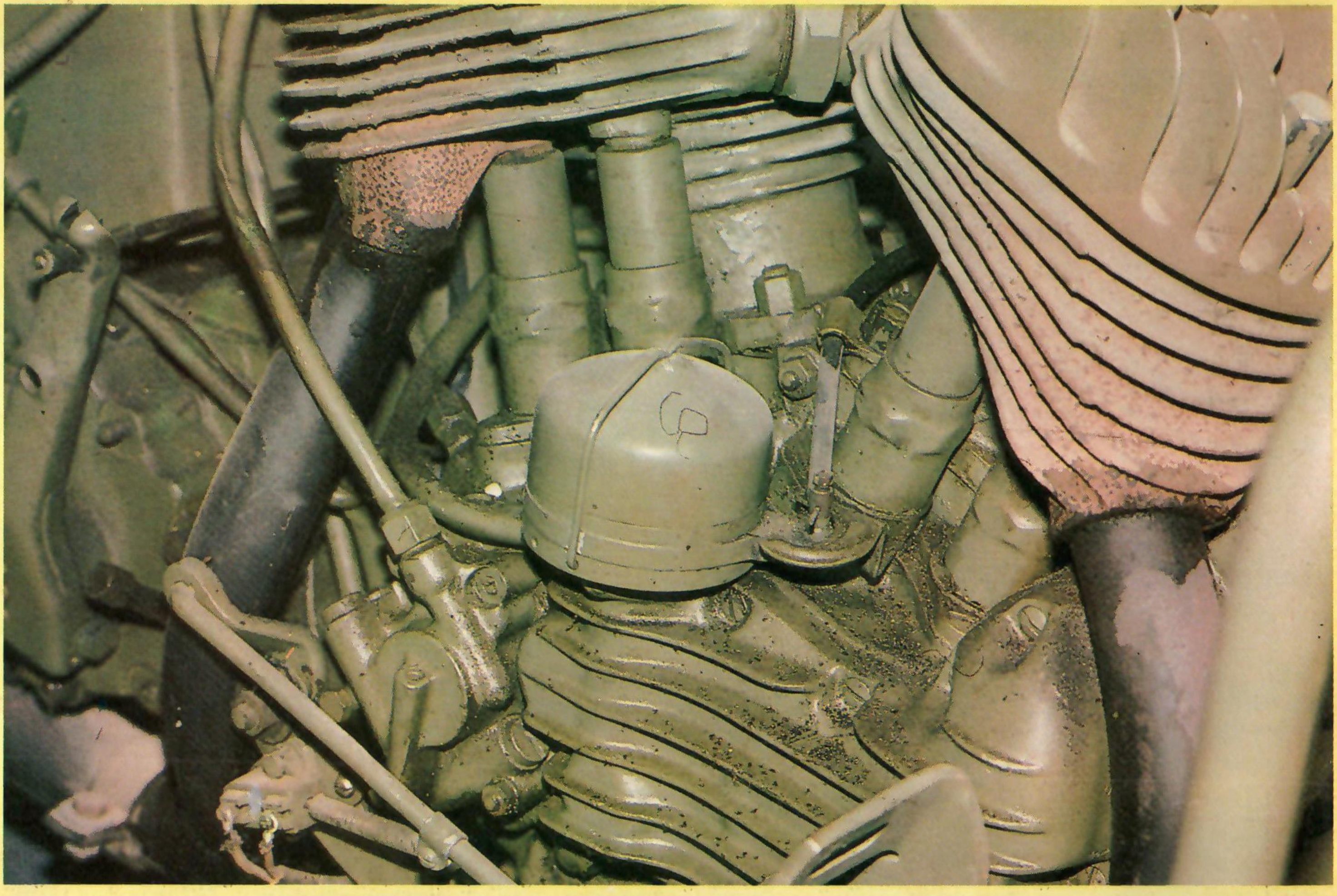

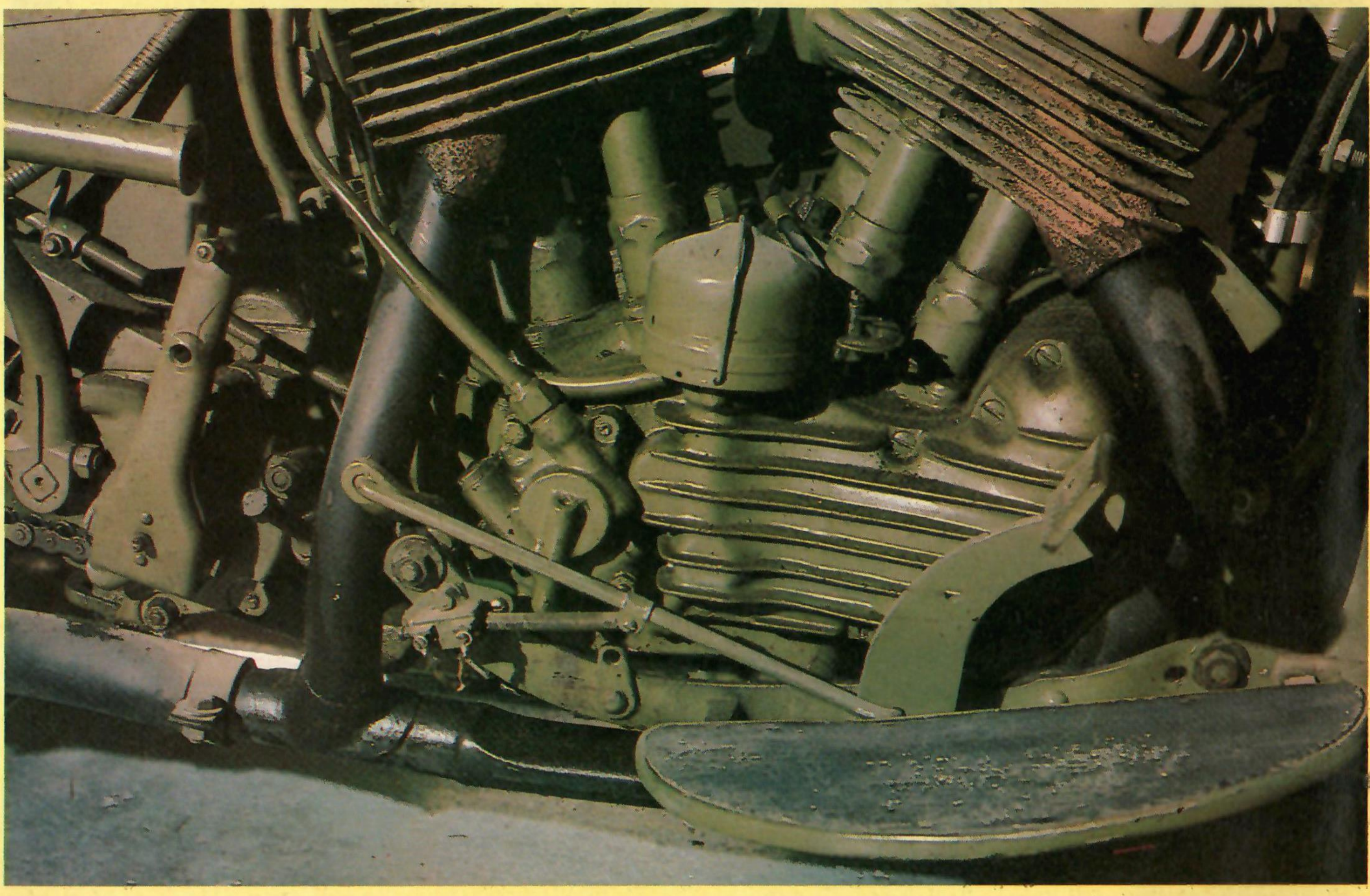

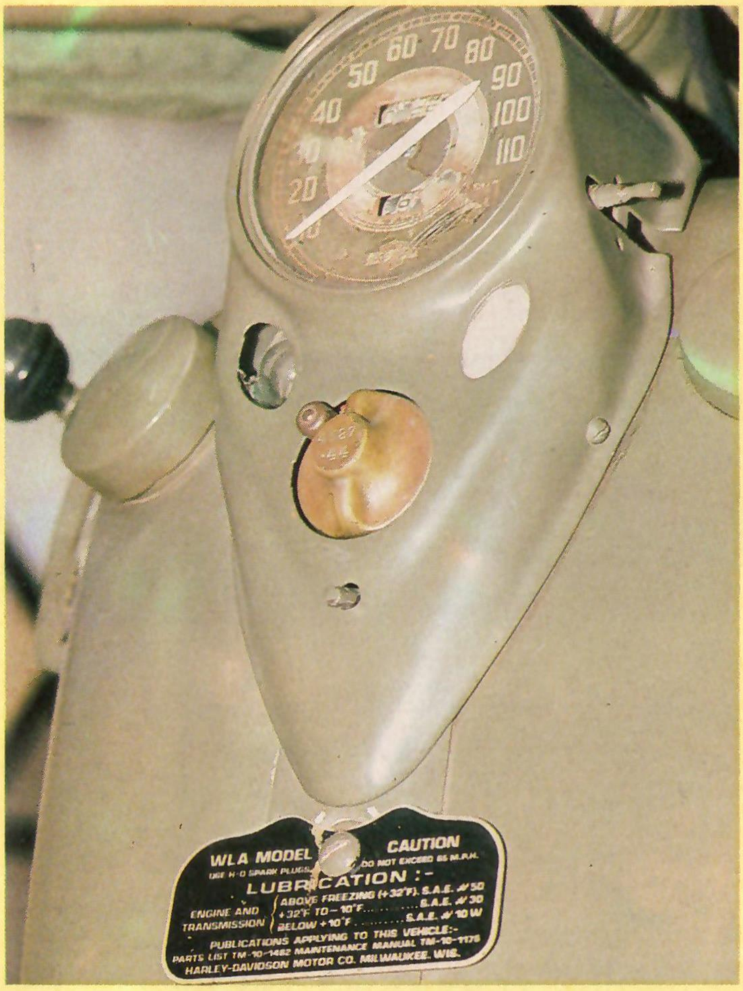
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WLA MODEL
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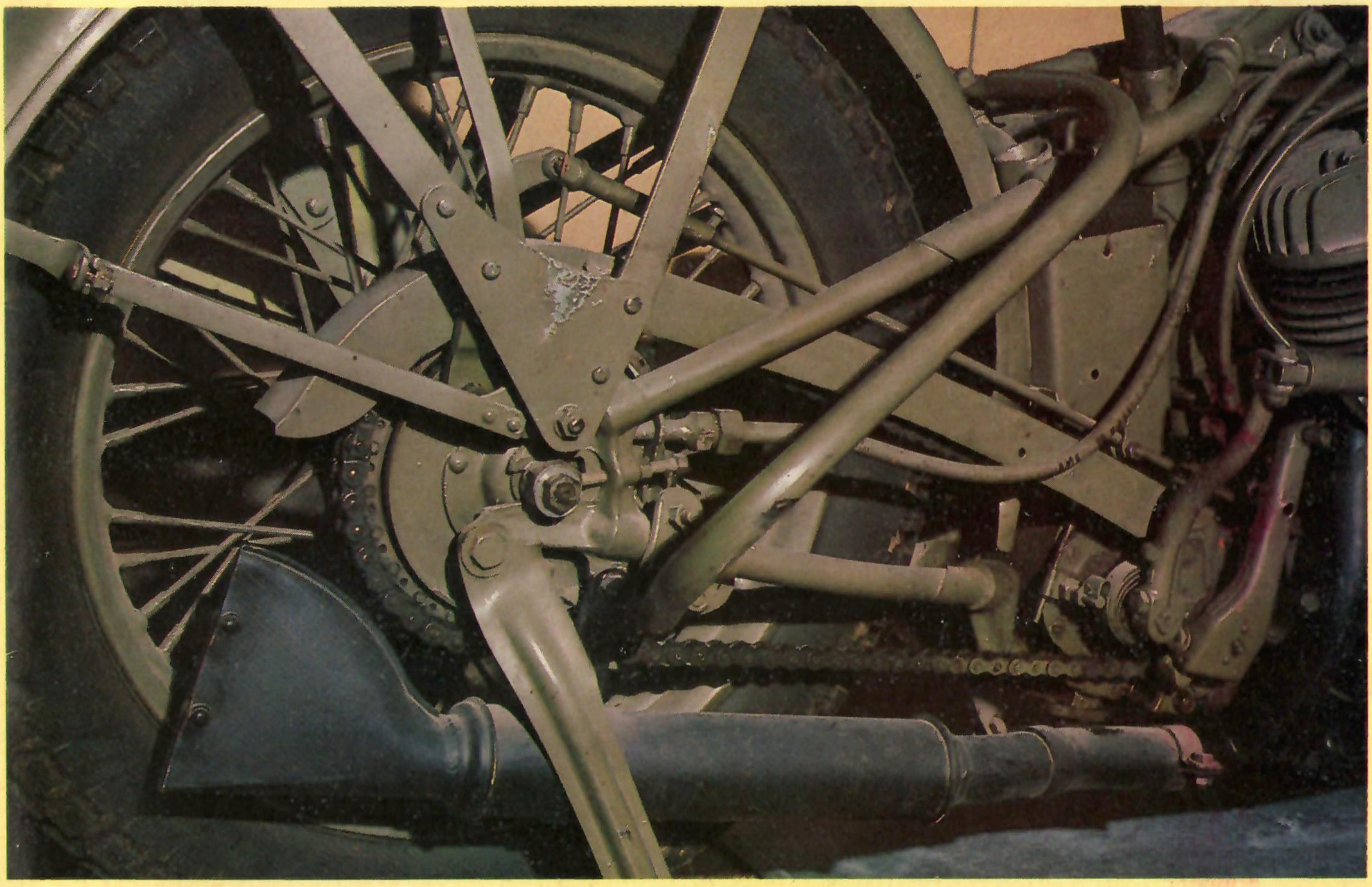
PARTS LIST TM-10-1482 MAINTENANCE MANUAL TM-10-1175
HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

94014
43



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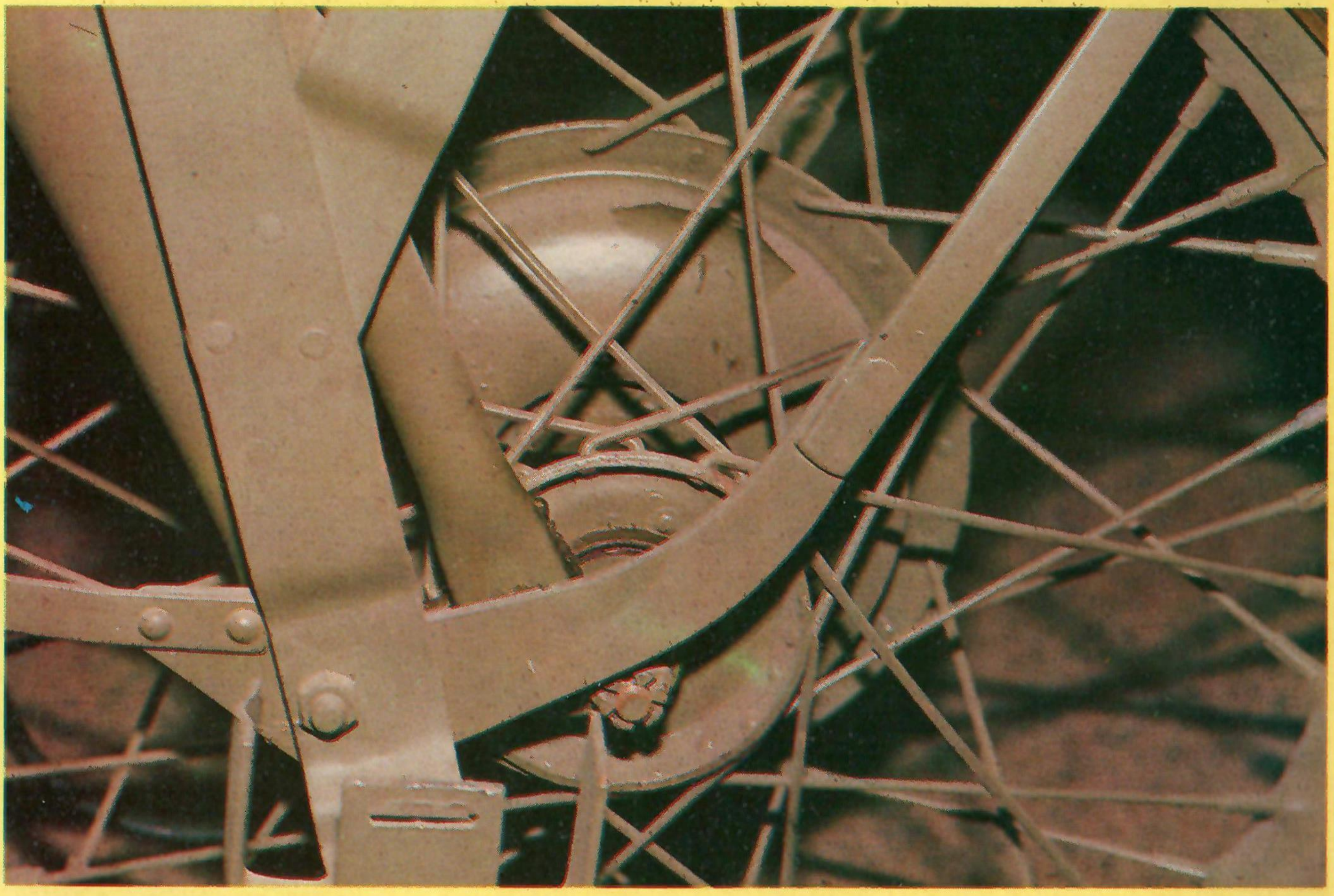

out. So they jest wired th' whole mess back together an' he went out an' got drunk an' was back at th' quarry workin' th' next day. People says that Big Ed had so much influence on Little Ed when he was growin' up the Little Ed's jest as crazy as Big Ed. I know that ain't true.

Some says Big Ed had a car after gettin' back from Nam, but he mowed down a tree that was more'n four feet across th' butt. They say Big Ed jest out outta th' car, with his head bleedin' like a stuck hog, whupped out his pistol, shot a hole in th' as tank, an' torched th' motherfucker. They say he got busted fer drinkin' an' drivin' fer that, an' they took his license, so Big Ed never got 'nother one, just told th' law that he'd never let 'em give 'em a ticket nor take 'im in, an' everybody knows Big Ed carries a Buck Knife, a Huntin' knife, a pocket knife, a three-fifty-seven, an' a twenty-five auto in his pocket, an' keeps a twelve guage shotgun an' 22 auto rifle strapped ta his bike.

Everbody here knows we ain't gonna have no more trouble outta Old Bill, who's beginnin' ta come 'roun now. If Old Bill don't clean up his act, Big Ed'll break th' old mutherfucker in two, an' drown 'im in th' river. Big Ed. don't like Old Bill nohow. He went ta school with Little Marty, an' was in Nam with 'im, and Big Ed was asittin' in th' bar when Old Bill an' that other feller kilt Little Marty.

Big Ed was jest gonna let th' two idjits kill one 'nother, but Little Marty got kilt 'fore Big Ed knowed he was gittin' in th' middle. Maybe Big Ed regrets that he didn' whup out his hog leg, an' lay 'em both out 'fore they got th' chance ta put Little Marty under. Maybe Big Ed regrets that he jest set there an' watched th' law haul 'em off 'thout shootin' neither o' 'em. Anyway, everbody knows Big Ed don' like Old Bill.

Then, Shelley runs over an' stretches up 'an throws her arms 'roun Big Ed's neck, an kisses 'im like she was gonna eat 'im up, an' she ain't wearin' nuthin but her shirt, which rides up, an' everybody, includin' Old Bill, sees her cute little ass.

"Girl!" yells Old Bill, "You git away from that scum, an' git th' rest o' yore clothes on!"

An' Big Ed jest turns his head a little ta scowl at Old Bill, an' he looks ten feet tall, an' 'pears ta be lookin down at Old Bill like he'd look down at a pile o' cow shit he's jest stepped in.

Big Ed is movin' then, an' Old Bill is tryin' ta git away from 'im, but he ain't fast 'nuff, 'cause Big Ed hits 'im jest once up side th' head, an' ketches 'im 'fore he falls, an' jest sorta pitches 'im inta th' river. Big Ed's too mellowed out with booze an' crank ta git killin' mean over such a little thing, so he leaves Old Bill fightin' th' river current, an' walks back up th' bank past us.

"Where da fuck ya been, Edmund?" says Little Ed. He's th' only one'll ever git by with callin' Big Ed "Edmund", which ain't his name nohow.

Big Ed jest sorta grins at Little Ed, an' saunter's up ta Mink's truck, an' grabs up a quart o' Jack, takes a long pull at it, snatches up one o' them half kegs, an' pack's em both down ta Old Bill's boat. Then he comes back an' unstraps his rifle from th' old Knuckle, takes Shelley's hand an' goes down, gits in th' boat with he, an' jest takes off down th' river. He's gones 'bout four or five hours, an' we don't know if he's drinkin', fuckin', er huntin'.

Somebody says: "They ain't nuthin in season ta hunt." an' Little Ed says: "That don't matter. I 'spect he's huntin' squirrels. Says if he don't get 'im th' poachers will."

Old Bill's come back ta th' fire, an' is drinkin' some courage inta hisself, an' he don't care if bid Ed's huntin' or drinkin', but he's sure he's fuckin', an' its his girl he's fuckin'. So by th' time Big Ed an' Shelley gets back ta th' landin' Old Bill's too drunk ta have any sense, an' 's worked hisself inta a real hate toward Big Ed, who jest knock's 'im outa th' boat an' inta th' water again. When Old Bill comes ta th' top, Big Ed jest looks at 'im fer a minute, an' takes Shelley's hand with one o' his, an' his sack o' squirrels in th' other an' walks outa te' boat an' up th' bank like Old Bill ain't worth fuckin with. An' they're up there by th' fire, Big Ed shuckin' squirrels an' cuttin' 'em up, an' Shelly gittin' th' skillet ready ta fry 'em, when Old Bill comes up with Big Ed's rifle en' shoots four times right through Big Ed, 'fore we can git th' rifle away from 'im.

Little Ed's passed out on th' ground all this time, an' by th' times he comes to, with Shelley screechin' "Pa's kilt Big Ed, Pa's kilt Big Ed!" over an' over again, 'bout a dozen rednecks an' river-rats is got 'im pinned down, an' th' rest is got their shotguns trained on th' rest o' th' bikers, an' they ain't a damn thing we kin do 'bout it. Old Marion gets up and goes over ta Big Ed, kneels down beside 'im checkin' 'im, shakes his head an' says, "He's daid."Simple as that.

So Little Ed says "If you mutherfuckers don' lemme up right now I'll kill ever one o' you cocksuckers when I ever do git up." So after he promised

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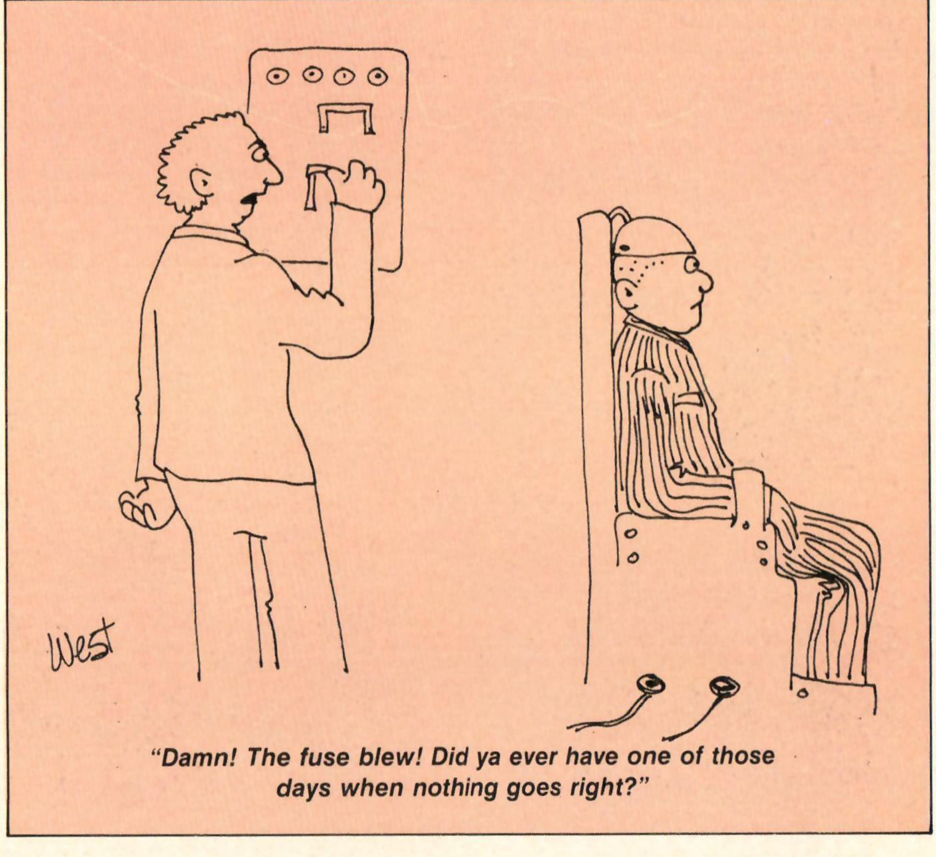


"Damn! The fuse blew! Did ya ever have one of those days when nothing goes right?"

BIG ED

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

not ta kill nobody right away, they let 'im up, but kep' their guns on 'im.

"Well." he says, "Ya got a dead body on yore hands. So what ya gonna do 'bout it?"

Old Bill was all fer jest throwin' th' body in th' river an' lettin' it float downstream, so maybe wouldn't be nobody find it, or it they did, they'd never connect it ta us. Fer as anybody knew, nobody knew Big Ed was here 'cept jest us.

But Old Marion wouldn' hear of such a thing. "Body needs a decent berrial," he said, "even crazy Big Ed!" an' somebody said "ain't no need ta berry 'im, 'cause he's too stubborn ta stay under groun'." an somebody else said "Ain't no need ta waste a Christian berrial on 'im cause he's gonna walk this world ferever. Th' Lord won't have 'im, an' he's too damn mean fer hell."

An' Old Marion says, "Don't make no never mind. He still desarves a berrial. So, me'n Mink'll take 'im up ta town an' dump 'im on th' grass at Brown's funeral home. Thataway, when they find 'im a Monday mornin' they kin berry 'im if they's a mind ta."

An' all this time Little Ed kept sittin' there with his head in his hands, shakin' it as if tryin' to clear he' cobweds out, even after they'd loaded Big Ed inta Mink's truck an' left fer town. I seen a trickle o' blood come out from th' tailgate an' wet th' dust in th' road, but nobody seemed ta care.

When Old Marion an' Mink come back, Little Ed finally looked up.

"What you mutherfuckers done with Big Ed?" he says.

"Why, we fetched 'im up ta Brown's Fun'ral home, like we said we was agonner," says Old Marion. "Wa'nt nuthin' none o' us coulda did fer 'im nohow."

Little Ed looks at Old Marion, then 'roun at th' rest o' us, an' says:

"Ya cain't kill Big Ed."

"Well," says Old Bill, like he was braggin'. " recknon I did!" An' it was all we could do ta keep Little Ed from rushin' right at all them shotguns ta git at 'im. Then he looks at Shelley, asittin' there squallin', an says again.

"Ya cain't kill Big Ed."

An' Little Ed, he then jest jumps up, an' kicks his old Pan, jumps on an' takes off up th' road fore any o' us can stop 'im, er even realize what he's doin'.

We knowed we'd never ketch 'im th' way he was ridin' so there wasn't nuthin ta do but set there an' drink, an' think 'bout what'd happened, an' we was ashamed, though we couldn' figger out what we coulda did.

Finally, somebody notices Big Ed's old Knuckle sittin there an' says: "We better do somethin' 'bout his bike. Th' law finds it here, an' they'll know we kilt 'im." So some o' 'em decided we outha load it in one o' th' trucks an' haul it up th' river a ways. Then somebody said we best wait 'til dark, 'cause everybody in th' county knows Big Ed's old Knuckle, an' if anybody seen it in th' truck they could tie us in, so we started walkin' away from th' bike, when we heard th' sound o' Harley comin' hard.

All o' us was away from th' Knuckle, 'cept Mink, an' when he heard th' bike comin' he jest froze there with his hand restin' on th' handlebar, an' jest stood there 'til Little Ed slammed his Pan ta a stop. An' Big Ed jumped off th' back an' come stridin' toward us like they wasn't a thing wrong with'im, even if we could see th' blood all over his tee-shirt.

"Git yer mutherfuckin' hands off my scooter, cocksucker!" he hissed just 'bout th' time his big fist slammed between Mink's eyes, knockin' him colder'n any fuckin' melon.

Then, Shelley was all over 'im like she was gonna eat 'im up right there, cryin' an' laughin' at th' same time, which is kinda mellowed 'im out, so he jest picked Mink up an tossed 'im inta th' water.

Little Ed set on his Pan, kinda smiled an' said, "ya cain't kill Big Ed." An' Big Ed got his rifle an begun ta strappin' it onta his Knuckle.

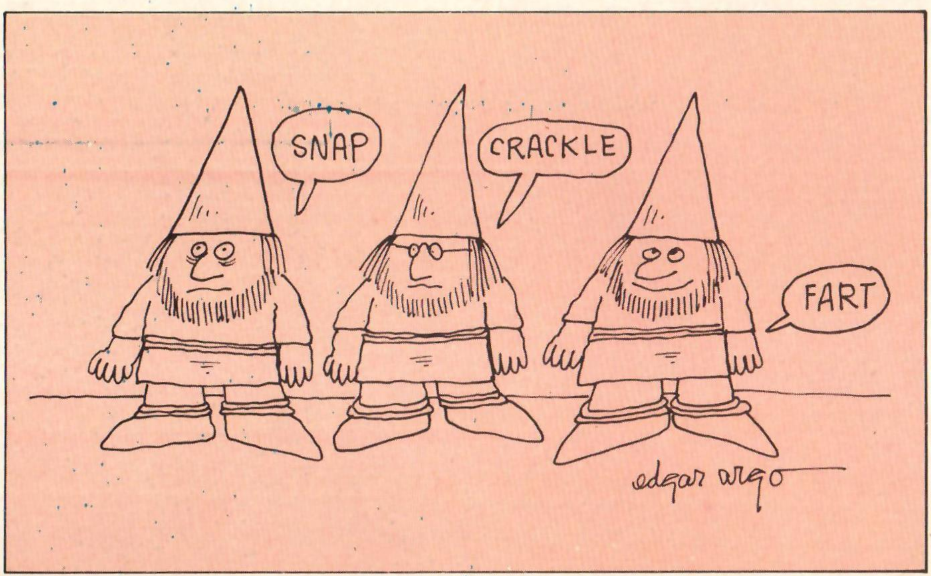
An I thought "Now we've seen five miracles today. Big Ed's hit one man twice, an' throwed 'im in th' water twice, an' hit 'nuter man once, an put 'im in th' water, an' this'n fer touchin' his Knuckle, an' ain't neither one o' 'em dead. An' we seen Big Ed shot through th' heart four times, an' seen im dead, an' now he's standin' here strong as a fuckin' mountain, with a sweet young thing hangin' on 'im like he was a god-a-mightly. An' we're seein; th' mutherfucker that shot 'im sneakin off an' Big Ed ain't even tryin' ta stop 'im or kill 'im."

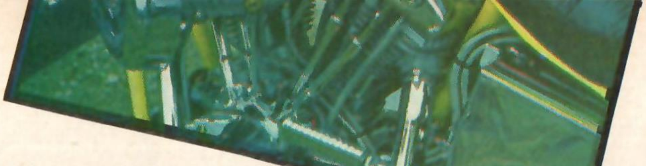
An' then we seen 'nuther miracle. We stood there an' watched Big Ed lead Shelley to his Knuckle, load her on, an' kick th' Knuckle an' jest take of with nary a word ta Little Ed, who said:

"Reckon I'm gonna hafta start packin' my ol lady now if I wanna ride with 'im." Then jest before he let th' clutch out she says "If'n you ignernt cocksuckers ain't figgered it out yit, Big Ed's in love!"

Three days later they foun' Old Bill 'bout five miles down river from his cabin, where a snag had tore a hold in his boat. He'd somehow managed ta get his neck tangled in th' boat chain, which held 'im down in th' water 'til 'e downed. He had a purty bad bruise on th' side o' his head, which they figger he got floppin' his head against th' gunwale tryin' ta get shed o' th' chain 'roun his neck. Old Marion's patched th' old boat, an's fishin' Old Bill's trotlines, an I know o' at least six men who're fuckin' Old Bill's ol lady. Me, I'm down there once or twice a week, but not ta fuck th' old lady. I kinda got my eye on a purty little girl, an' I'm tryin' hard ta git as crazy as Big Ed in th' next two years.

I got a long way ta go, but who knows? I got two years, an' it's fun work. □





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NOTE: All prints and slides must be individually identified with yer name and address. We'll try to get yer stuff back to ya, but we don't guarantee nothin, so if ya want us to try, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with yer flicks.

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A FEW FEET MORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

unsuccessful attempts to reach the top of the hill. She had just about given up when she heard a car. Her strength was gone and she couldn't move anymore. Her hand fell on a flat piece of metal. She grabbed it and flung it out onto the road. She closed her eyes and prayed.

The Thompson family travelled the road often and Howard was tired of dodging junk thrown onto the road by some juvenile delinquents. So when the license plate flew out of the woods he thought he'd catch one of the brats and brought the car to a halt. He jumped out of the car and ran to the spot where the object appeared. His mouth fell open and he froze as he looked down on the bloody broken girl.

"Howard what's going on?" his wife called from the open car window. Howard remained still until a weak and shaking voice called up from below.

"Help me, please."

Karen lay in bed looking out the window. She gritted her teeth and squirmed as best she could in the body cast. Oh, to scratch just once, she thought. The smell of flowers mixed with the burning odor of disinfectant. Beside her on a table sat her cracked helmet and a newspaper.

The headline ripped through her mind.

It read: **CHARGES DROPPED IN HIT-AND-RUN ACCIDENT.**

DEATH WISH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

need complications—she wants to follow her own destiny. As far as tattoos go, she can't stand putting somebody else's ideas on her body. "I figure everybody else has it," she says. It ain't right for her.

In the future she plans to add "a starburst and make it go all the way to the inside cavity of my ear. Then I'm going to get a black rose of death over the 'suicidal,' a plain back rose."

Since tattooin is forever, how's she gonna live with this?

"I'm growing my hair out," she says. "I'll just keep a little piece of hair shaved under there to show the 'suicidal.' My other flap of hair is almost shoulder-length and that covers it. If I want the tattoo to be seen, I'll just turn

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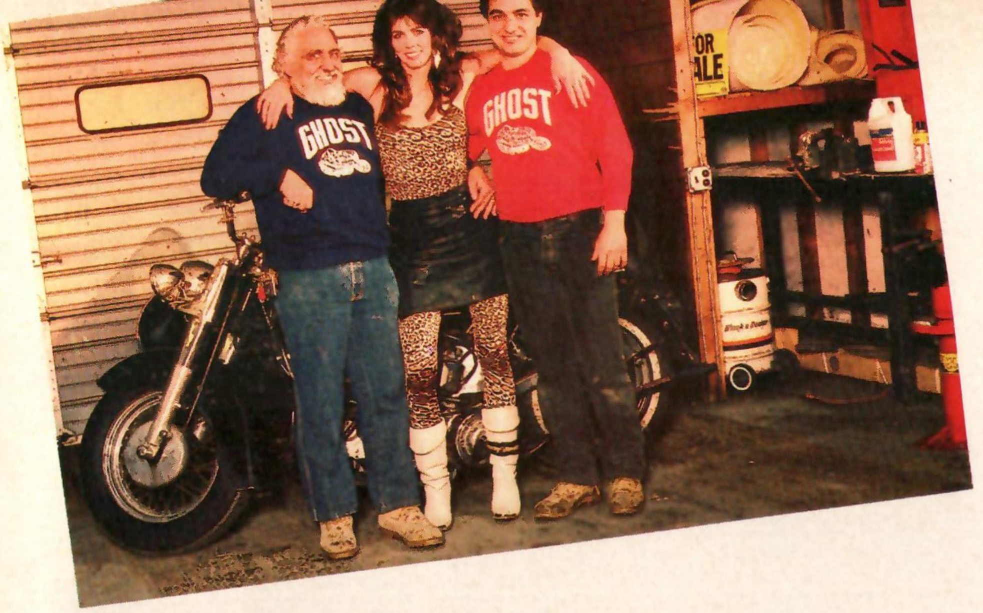

Photos By Rocky DiRico Story By Buford

CLASSIC SIDEHACK

Sal Digs Up Another Ghostly Treasure

This 1957 Pan/sidecar set up is another one of the many tasty putts that can be found at the legendary Ghost Motorcycles of Port Washington, Long Island. We've mentioned Ghost in previous issues, probably the most memorable bein the story about Billy Joel's cherry Knucklehead and the dude who won it in a raffle and wound up sellin it to Sal, the patriarch at Ghost.

Head ghost Sal has got a talented nose for sniffin out some of the finest vintage iron in the Northeast: the used bike section of his shop looks like a

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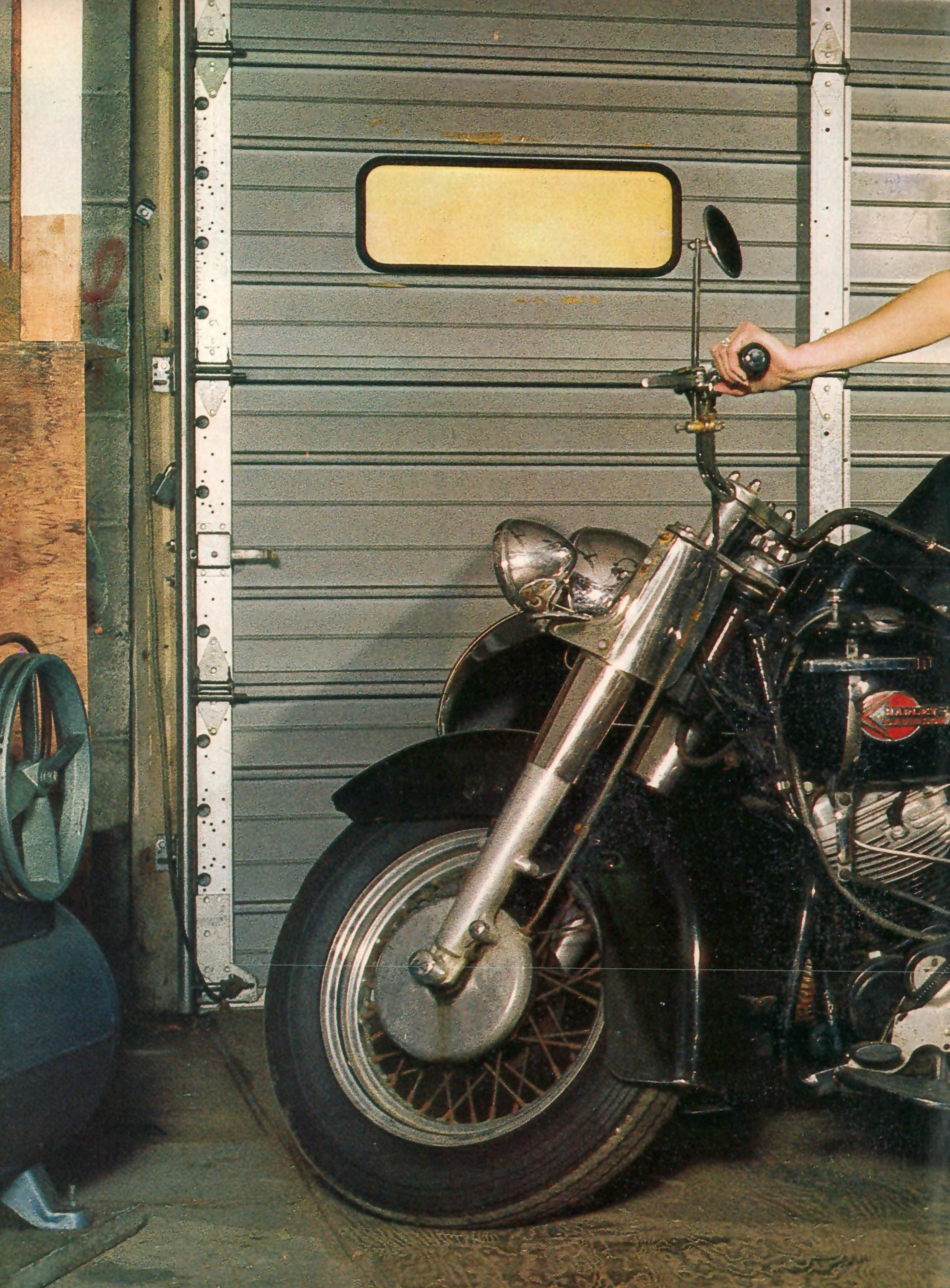
HARLEY-

FOR
ALE
Black &

SIDEHACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

regular museum. There are Triumphs, BMWs, Ducatis, Indians, some Jap stuff, and some off-the-wall odds and ends like a Neval bike with a sidecar. But mostly there are Harleys, some pushin 75 winters. An afternoon at Sal's is like a crash course in motorcycling history, but unlike a museum, you can ride the showpieces home—for a price.

This particular Panhead is a '57 with a '59 motor and registration. Some ancient biker had the complete bike and sidecar buried under about a ton of shit in a lean-to in his yard. After a coupla hours of diggin through the rubble, the Ghost crew carefully unearthed the prize and another classic would soon be breathin fire again. The bike is unrestored, and except for a top end, the motor is just as it was when it left the factory 27 years ago. Shit, even the reverse gear works.

Like I said you can ride these treasures home for a price, and if ya like the looks of this scoot give Sal a call (516)-883-5300). At a measely eight grand this sidehack scoot ain't gonna be around for long. ■

DEATH WISH

(continued from page 86

that piece of hair back."

When she's not flashin her tat's, she's flashin her tits in the Miami-Ft. Lauderdale area. She meets a lot of bikers at Mort's Place in North Miami and they get along fine because of their shared love of titty dancin, tats, bad behavior and scoots.

"I got my first tattoo at Tat Taylor's in Ft. Lauderdale," she says. "And I've been thrown together with a lot of bikers there. I've been in there when there's been thousands of bikers, all diggin each other's tattoos." And Denise. And her tattoos. And their sleds.

But when it comes to American iron, Death Wish Denise has got her priorities straight.

"I'm taken on lots of rides," she says, laughing. "I even wrecked a scoot when I was young, but I wrecked it real bad and I swore I'd never drive one again. I'm the type that likes to be on the back of a bike."

So the death wish has it's limits? Sure 'nuff.

"I just want to straighten out my head down here in Florida, then I'm gong to get back into travelin," she says. "I'm happier and more together when I'm running around. I've got to get to California. I've got a lot of friends out there. Then I'm going to try to get back to Europe, to England, which is great."

And a fast visit to her favorite tattoo artist for some more bodily improvements. You gotta live hard, die young and leave a good lookin corpse. ■

BIKE SHOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

was dangling off the end of my arm wasn't a fistful of dollars, but instead was a grubby paw clutchin a bunch of scraps of paper with I.O.U. written all over em for various amounts. I pulled the scraps up to my face, about an inch from my nose. I couldn't believe it. It could feel the heat risin offa my neck.

"What the fuck?!"

This was the Mr. Grub that Jimbo had come to know and consequently he immediately hustled me over to the corner where we tried to sort out the interior of the sock. We turned the motherfucker inside out and found nothin but more I.O.U.'s and about 2 billion pennies.

"Those greedy pricks!" I screamed. I couldn't believe the shit I was seein.

"Man, what is this shit? 'I.O.U. $25 for office supplies'; 'I.O.U. $15 for office supplies.' What is this shit, 'Office supplies'? We don't have any fuckin office supplies at that dump!"

Jimbo was silent. He knew that this particular version of Mr. Grub was not to be trifled with. I felt the sweat tricklin down from my neck and trailin down my back while my head was startin to steam like a radiator. We counted out $15 in pennies and went back up to the ticket man and Mimbo handled our check-in procedure. We had about 37¢ to spare.

Most of the show is a blur to me, since my blood pressure was drummin my brain like a tom-tom, foggin my vision and judgment. Fortunately, Jimbo was wise enough to take notes on the bikes we shot, but as I look at the photos and notes, it just don't come to me. All I can remember about the whole sordid affair is how a newsreel of torture and revenge kept running through my bakin brain. I was gonna pay back those fuckin thieves with interest, only nothin hideous enough has occurred to me yet. Those mangy fuckers had reduced the Grubman to snatchin brews from

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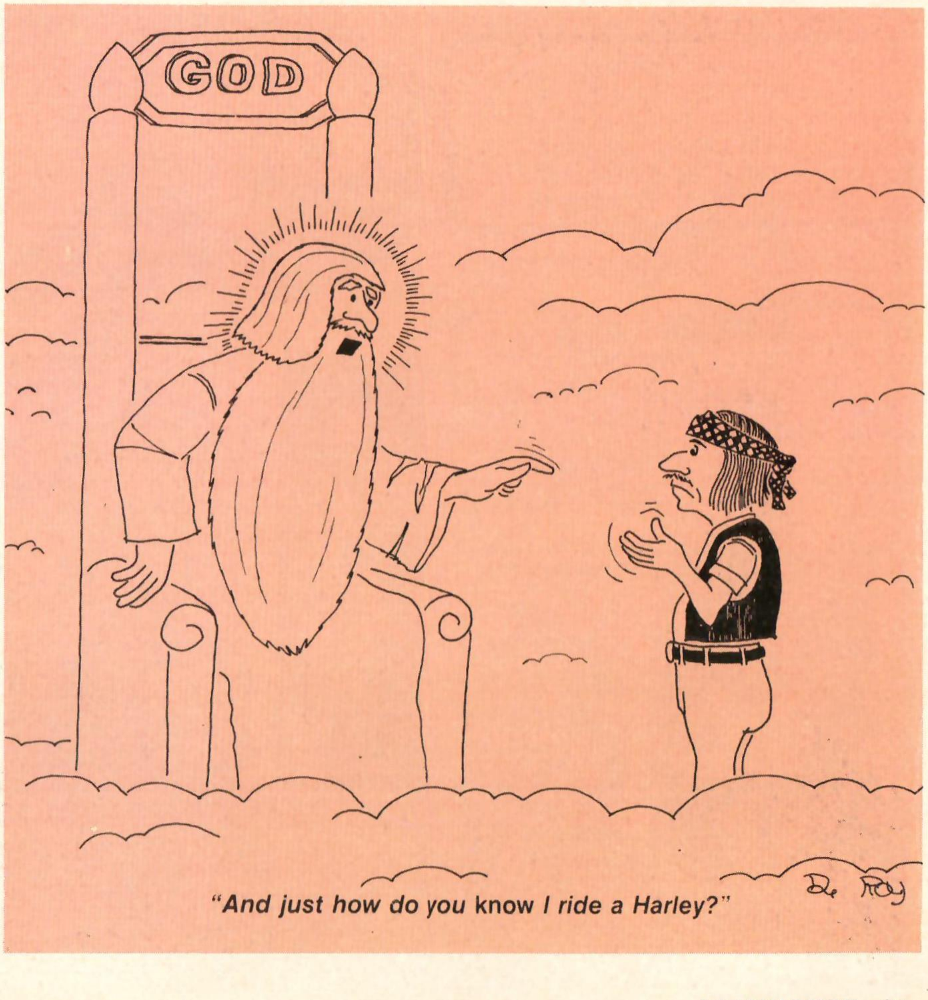

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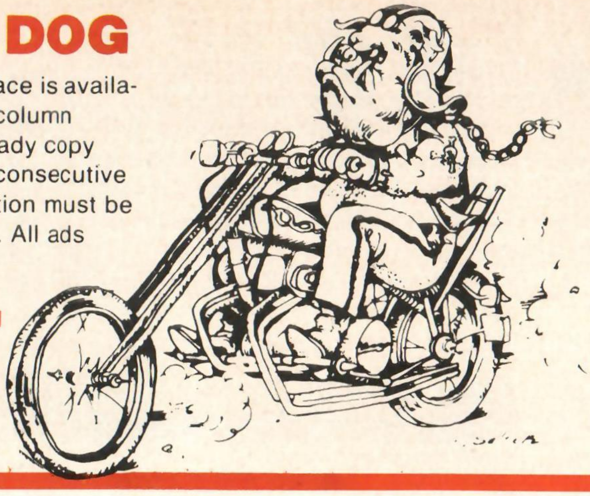

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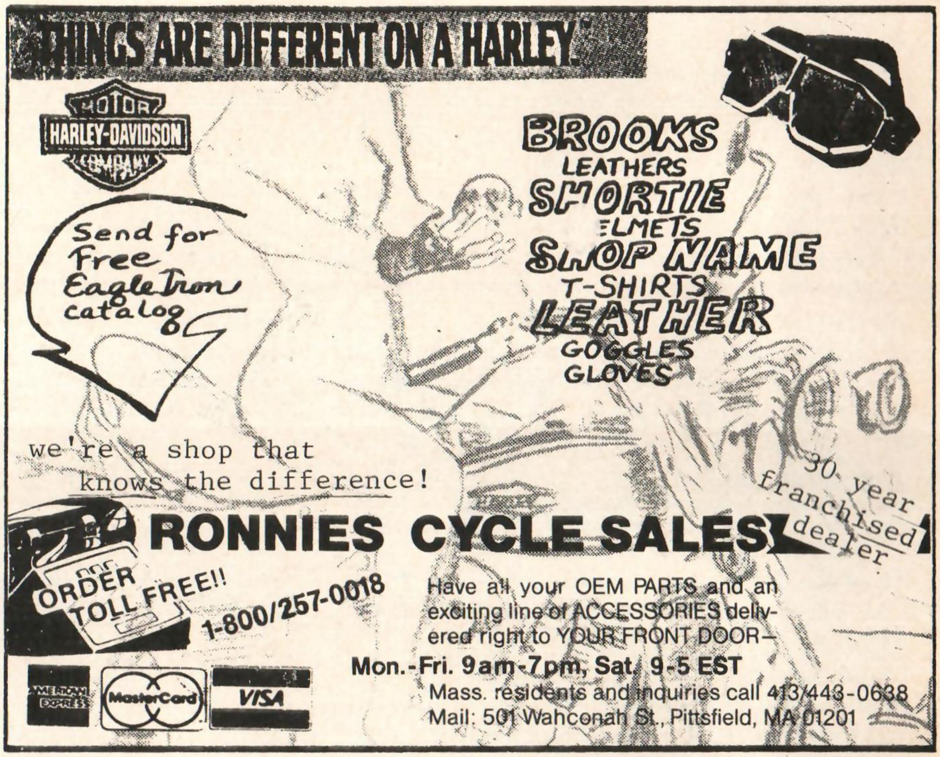

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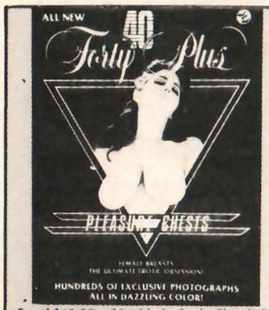

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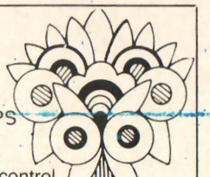

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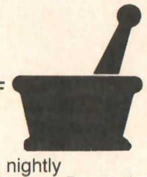

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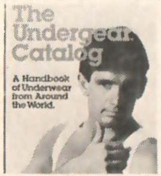

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BIKE SHOW

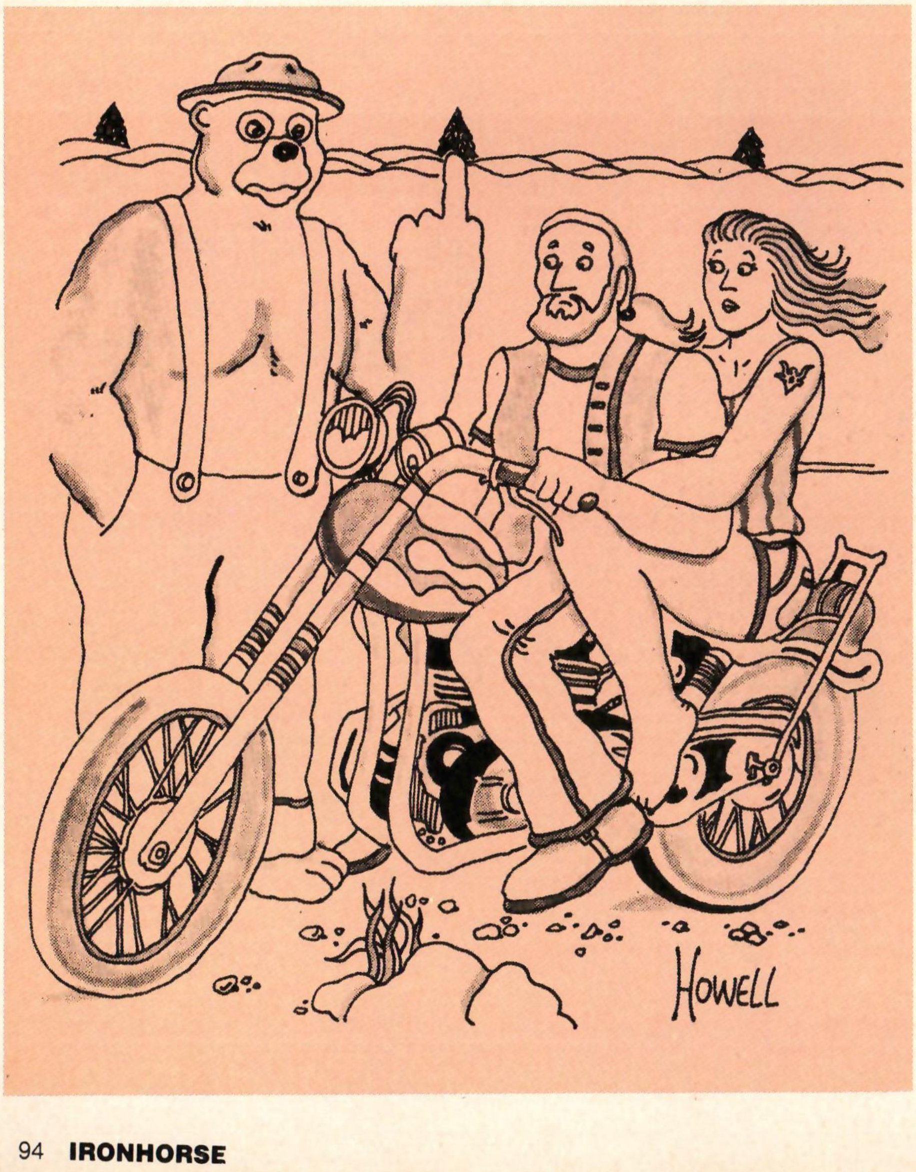
(continued from page 91)

absent-minded gawkers who would set down to foamin cup of Bud only to find it drained the next time they reached for it. Let me tell ya, it's a sorry state to sink to, gobblin hot dogs outta the hands of wanderin rug rats, (candy from a baby and all that), but I look upon it as survival of the fittest.

Jimbo wasn't havin none of that though, he drew the line at snatchin brews. I admire him for his principles, besides it meant more dogs for me. I recall a particularly neat scarf down I made in front of the Rolling Thunder display. While Jimbo distracted everyone with his photographic technique, I casually passed a foxy lady holdin her three year old on her hip. The kid had about two inches of hot dog hangin outta the bun—a fatal mistake. I slurped up the foot-long like a strand of spaghetti while the kid was checkin out the strobe action. The two bikes from Rolling Thunder that helped me nab that dog were a tricked out '57 Sporty/XR and a nice, down and dirty flathead 80 with a peanut tank. Accordin to Gerard Cerniglia of Rolling Thunder, the Sporty was a basket case before it was mated with the XR component—check out the trick '57 frame. Since I love flatties, the 80 was my favorite bike in the show, a basic, no bullshit ride.

I believe it was in front of the '63 fatbob Sporty with the dazzlin pinstripe work of Alex of Wonderland on a Royal Blue base, that I accidentally scored a mustard dog. I hate mustard, but since I had the dog halfway outta the bun, there was no turnin back—I couldn't stuff it back down. When I got the thing out, I handed it to its owner, a zit-faced car freak, and said, "I think this belongs to you."

Later on down the line, we came to a nice pair of vintage type scoots. Whiteman turned me onto the fact that his Wedgewood Blue (an Ariel color) Shovel was not a new engine in an old bike like I thought, but just looked that way with the white pedals, tank shift, and 3½ gallon fatbobs. However, his bro, James Gorman's scoot was a completely stock, original 1949 Panhead, bought from the original owner who rode with the Ace M.C. in the 50's, but put the bike in storage in 1954. The bike laid in a basement for 28 years before James lucked into it. The green machine is ridden every day to make up for lost time.



Jimbo clicked a coupla hardcore rides from the Pagans' display, a Swastika Panhead fabricated by Streakers out on Long Island, and a 1950 Pan belongin to Tim, that I really dug for its chrome seat. Accordin to those in the know, that seat's been on every bike that Tim's owned.

I was getting fairly full by the time we made it to the Custom Cycle Inc. booth, but I still wanted to bum a brew offa Al Doerbecker. He musta seen me comin cause he was nowhere to be found. We shot his mind blowin Snake-ster anyway, a twin coil, twin plug stroker (yeah, a Sidewinder kit, what else?) that features some outstanding leather work by its owner. Yep, snakeskin.

The last bike that got to before I puked into Jimbo's film bag was a maxed out 1980 Wide Glide that makes the word "detailin" an understatement. Put together by East Coast Superbikes and its owner, Louis Sedita, the Wide Glide was just too clean for me. They don't call me Mr. Grub fer nothin.

Well, I've discovered that writin all this shit down has had what they call a "cathartic" effect on me. I ain't so bitter now that I've spewed all this crap out. Fuck em if they don't like this story, they're lucky I ain't namin names. Unlike some people, I got my standards. ☐

PAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

rocket. However, it wasn't long before Meat was converted to the Righteous Life by a bro on an equally hot Harley. Accordin to Meat this is how he saw the light:

"I was out on my GS 1100 one summer night when I saw a Harley rider up ahead of me. I zoomed on by him and thought, that was easy, but I checked the rear view and the fucker was right on my ass. I figured to smoke him and I rolled the throttle up to the 110 but the Harley was still hangin in there like it was a Sunday putt. We got to a U-turn in the road where he passed me and it was all I could do to stay up with him. That was the exact moment when I knew I had to have a Harley. I knew they looked good, but I didn't know they could run like that. A few months later, we recognized each other at a party and said, 'Was that you?'"

Meat bought the Pan from Bruce when he was in a jam for bucks, and made a few changes on the sled includin chromin the frame as opposed to just painting it. The advantage of greater durability and good looks was provided by Johnny's Cycle, along with the addition of brass fittings on some of the engine components. Meat enhanced the radical, hardcore chopper look of the Pan with a pair of fishtail upsweeps. Then he added the fine tuned S&S Two Throat and made some mysterious internal modifications to make the Pan go as good as its show.

As ya might expect, bein a traditional, radical chop in a sea of mostly stock bikes, the pussy lovin Pan attracts all kinds of attention. and when Bruce gets into the wind on his black hardtail with the extended springer, the two bros cut a dashin pair that makes the ladies swoon and the bros turn green with envy from Ashford to Sturgis. It's the balls-out 60's all over again, makin the too-safe 80's pale by comparison. And the difference never goes unnoticed. When they rode out to Sturgis last year, with the convoy from Johnny's Cycle, it was Connecticut all over again—they were asked to join various motorcycle clubs. Meat says, "Yeah, we'll pull up to a bar on our Pans, and go inside for a brew. Pretty soon other riders drift outside to check out the bikes and every now and then a clubber will ask us if we want to go for their patch. They say stuff like, "Hey man, we're really neat,' but I'm puttin em down when I decline. I just like bein an independent."

That's the kinda class that Meat's Pan has. While a lot of bikers today are jammin on relatively new stock Hogs, Meat feels that the real thing is ridin a rigid Pan, and the respect that his ride commands among hardcore bikers backs up his opinion.

Even the chicks dig it, and ya don't have to be a genius to figure out what kinda envelope their invitations come in. Ya'd be amazed at the power of suggestion contained in those layers of lacquer on the tank. And the bike's a hit even at family gatherings, where it has surprised numerous unsuspectin ol ladies and their rugrats. Accordin to Meat: "Whenever I go on a run like the Harley Rendezvous last year, ladies come up with their kids and ask me, 'is it okay if Junior sits on your Harley?' I say, yeah, and they put the kid on the bike. It takes about five seconds before the mom spots the tank mural and pulls the kid off almost as soon as his butt hits the seat. Sometimes, I'll get a brew and come back to the bike to find that somebody has discreetly covered up the tank with a towel or a T-shirt."

Considerin that this, too, is a family oriented rag, we here at *Iron Horse* request that our readers keep a bandana or somethin handy while you're scopin out the Pan in public. We didn't have to worry about any such precautions durin the shoot, which was in some arty-farty gallery on the Lower East Side, cause it's a region populated by plenty of fellow public menace types. Denise, our cute li'l punker chick dancer, couldn't decide which she liked better, Meat, or his suggestable Panhead, and that's just one of the dilemmas ya can find yourself in if ya ride the Righteous Life. Now, how often would that happen if you stayed on that GS 1100? □

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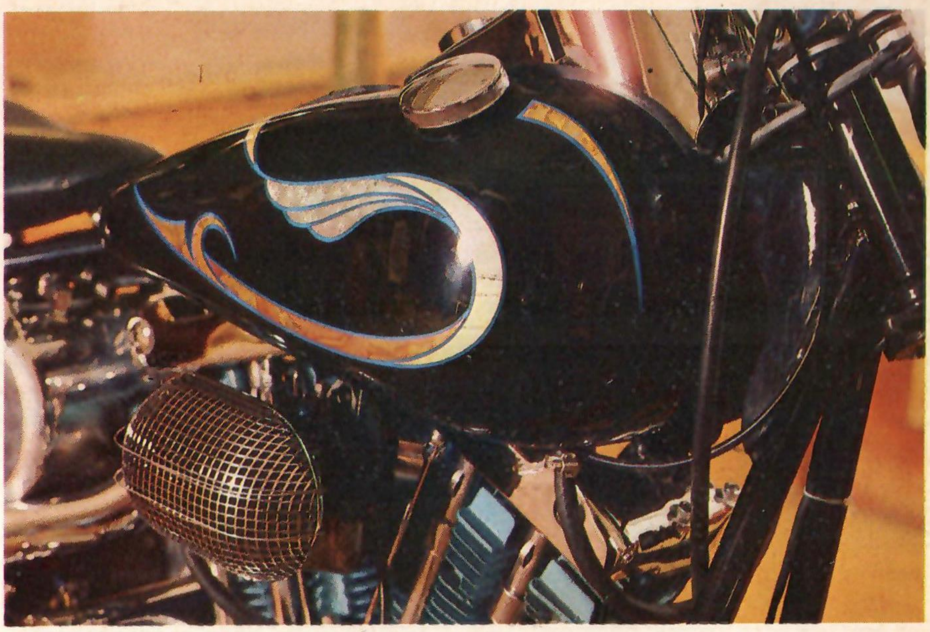
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

livin, while Frank has some kinda gig with nuclear reactors. All the technical shit went over my head, I only know that he wasn't glowin, and drank enough beer during the shoot to hose down any meltdown, so he's pretty normal in that regard.

Ya may have already seen this Sporty in the *Runnin Free, Softails 'N' Hardbellies Scrapbook*, but were probably unable to concentrate on the bike on account of Bea McMillian who was drapin her mouth-waterin bod all over it. If you're the eagle-eye type, you will have noticed that Bea and Frank don't share the same last name, which ain't no surprise cause they ain't married. Things may look sly here, but don't worry about Frank catchin a fryin pan between his eyes when this issue hits the stands, cause we didn't blow his cover. His ol lady was invited to come down for the scoot, seein as how this is her ride, but she decided to stay home with the rugrats, while the boys played with their toys. Now, that's my idea of liberation—free to choose, and choosin hearth and home.



Frank put this machine together with a total investment of only four grand, which is only five bucks more than the askin price of an 883. He kept the cost of the sled down by makin it to every swap meet he could and scorin lots of bargains on parts. In return for his ingenuity, he got a bike that was exactly what he needed, built to his own personal specs, and guaranteed to fit his wife like a glove. This ain't to say that an 883 ain't perfect, the Motor Company's got a lock on the perfect product, it's just that when you elaborate on a Harley the way Frank did, ya make the perfect even better.

Special thanks to: the boys at Brewster H-D, Zack's V-Twin in Poughkeepsie, and Howie fer the paint. ☐

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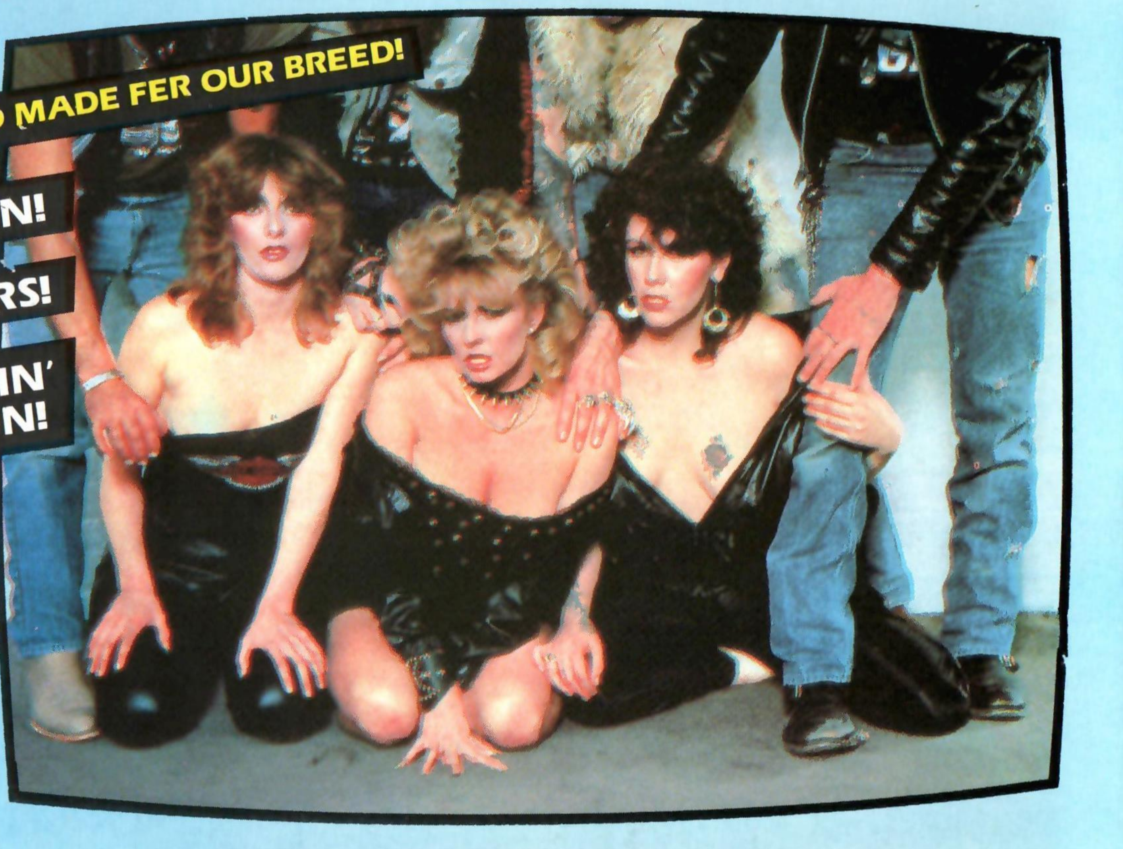
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